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Elephant

By D. H. Lawrence

You go down shade to the river, where naked men sit on
flat brown rocks, to watch the ferry, in the sun;
And you cross the ferry with the naked people, go up the
tropical lane
Through the palm trees and past hollow paddy-fields where
naked men are threshing rice,
And the monolithic water-buffalo, like old, muddy stone
with hair on it, is being idle;
And through the shadow of bread-fruit trees, with their
dark green, glossy, fanged leaves,
Very handsome, and some pure yellow fanged leaves;
Out into the open, where the path runs on the top of a
dyke between paddy-fields:
And there, of course, you meet a huge and mud-grey
elephant advancing his frontal bone, his trunk curled
round a log of wood;
So you step down the bank, to make way.

Shuffle, shuffle, and his little wicked eye has seen you as
he advances above you,
The slow beast curiously spreading his round feet to the
dust.
And the slim naked man slips down, and the beast deposits
his lump of wood, carefully.
The keeper hooks the vast knee, the creature salaams.

White man, you are saluted.
Pay a few cents.

But the best is the Pera-hera, at midnight, under the tropical stars,
With a pale little wisp of a Prince of Wales, diffident, up in a small pagoda on the temple side,
And white people in evening dress buzzing and crowding the stand upon the grass, below and opposite:
And at last the Pera-hera procession, flambeaux aloft in the tropical night, of blazing cocoanut,
Naked dark men beneath,
And the huge frontal of three great elephants stepping forth to the tom-tom's beat, in the torch-light,
Slowly sailing in gorgeous apparel through the flame-light, in front of a towering, grimacing white image of wood.

The elephant bells striking slow tong-tong, tong-tong
To music and queer chanting:
Enormous shadow processions filing on in the flare of fire,
In the fume of cocoanut oil, in the sweating tropical night,
In the noise of tom-toms and singers;
Elephants after elephants curl their trunks, vast shadows, and some cry out
As they approach and salaam, under the dripping fire of the torches,
That pale fragment of a Prince up there, whose motto is *Ich dien.*
Pale, dispirited Prince, with his chin on his hands, his nerves tired out,
Watching and hardly seeing the trunk-curled approach and clumsy, knee-lifting salaam
Of the hugest, oldest of beasts in the night and the fire flare below.

He is royalty, pale and dejected fragment up aloft.
And down below huge homage of shadowy beasts, bare-foot and trunk-lipped in the night.

Chieftains, three of them abreast, afoot
Strut like peg-tops, wound around with hundreds of yards of fine linen.
They glimmer with tissue of gold, and golden threads upon jackets of velvet,
And their faces are dark, and fat, and important.

ELEPHANT

They are royalty, swart-faced royalty, showing the conscious whites of their eyes
And stepping in homage, stubborn, to that nervous pale lad up there.

More elephants, tong, tong-tong, loom up,
Huge, more tassels swinging, more dripping fire of new cocoanut cressets,
High, high flambeaux, smoking of the East;
And scarlet hot embers of torches knocked out of the sockets among bare feet of elephants and men in the path in the dark;
And devil dancers luminous with sweat, dancing on to the shudder of drums,
Tom-toms, weird music of the devil, voices of men from the jungle singing;
Endless under the Prince.

Towards the tail of the everlasting procession
In the long hot night, more dancers from insignificant villages,
And smaller, more frightened elephants.

Men-peasants from jungle villages dancing and running with sweat and laughing,
Naked dark men with ornaments on, on their naked arms and their naked breasts, the grooved loins
Gleaming like metal with running sweat as they suddenly turn, feet apart,
And dance and dance, forever dance, with breath half-sobbing in dark, sweat-shining breasts,
And lustrous great tropical eyes unveiled now, gleaming a kind of laugh,
And flare of a tropical energy, tireless, afire in the dark, slim limbs and breasts
Perpetual, fire-laughing motion, among the slow shuffle of elephants,
The hot dark blood of itself a-laughing, wet, half-devilish, men all motion
Approaching under that small pavilion, and tropical eyes dilated look up,

Inevitably look up
To the Prince,
To that tired remnant of royalty up there,
Whose motto is *Ich dien.*

As if the homage of the kindled blood of the East
Went up in wavelets to him, from the breasts and eyes of jungle torch-men,
And he couldn't take it.

What would they do, those jungle men running with sweat, with the strange dark laugh in their eyes, glancing up,
And the sparse-haired elephants slowly following,
If they knew that his motto was *Ich dien,*
And that he meant it?

They begin to understand.
The rickshaw boys begin to understand.
And then the devil comes into their faces,
But a different sort, a cold, rebellious, jeering devil.

In elephants and the East are two devils, in all men maybe.
The mystery of the dark mountain of blood, reeking in homage, in lust, in rage,
And passive with everlasting patience,
Then the little, cunning pig-devil of the elephants' lurking eyes, the unbeliever.

We dodged, when the Pera-hera was finished, under the hairy, hanging pigs' tails
And the flat, flaccid mountains of the elephants' standing haunches,
Vast-blooded beasts,
Myself so little dodging rather scared against the eternal, wrinkled pillars of their legs, as they were being dismantled;
Then I knew they were dejected, having come to hear the repeated
Royal summons: *Dient Ihr!*
Serve!
Serve, vast mountainous blood, in submission and splendour, serve royalty.

Instead of which, the silent, fatal emission from that pale shattered boy up there:
Ich dien.

That's why the night fell in frustration.
That's why, as the elephants ponderously, with unseeming swiftness, galloped uphill in the night, going back to the jungle villages,
As the elephant bells sounded tong-tong-tong, bell of the temple of blood in the night, swift-striking,
And the crowd like a field of rice in the dark gave way like liquid to the dark
Looming gallop of the beasts,
It was as if the great bare bulks of elephants in the obscure light went over the hill-brow swiftly, with their tails between their legs, in haste to get away,
Their bells sounding frustrate and sinister.

And all the dark-faced, cotton-wrapped people, more numerous and whispering than grains of rice in a rice-field at night,
All the dark-faced, cotton-wrapped people, a countless host on the shores of the lake, like thick wild rice by the water's edge,
Waiting for the fireworks of the after-show,
As the rockets went up, and the flare passed over countless faces, dark as black rice growing,
Showing a glint of teeth, and tropical eyes aroused in the night,
There was the faintest twist of mockery in every face, across the hiss of wonder as the rocket burst
High, high up, in flakes, shimmering flakes of blue fire, above the palm trees of the islet in the lake,
On faces upturned to the glare, oh tropical wonder, wonder, a miracle of heaven!
And the shadow of a jeer, of underneath disappointment, as the rocket-coruscation died, and shadow was the same as before.

They were foiled, the myriad whispering dark-faced cotton-wrapped people.
They had come to see royalty,

To bow before royalty, in the land of elephants, bow deep, bow deep,
Bow deep, for it's good as a draught of cool water to bow very, very low to the royal.

And all there was to bow to, a weary, diffident boy whose motto is *Ich dien.*
I serve! I serve! in all the weary irony of his mien. 'Tis *I* who serve!
Drudge to the public.

I wish I had the three feathers;
That I had been he in the pavilion, as in a pepper-box aloft and alone
To stand and hold the three feathers, three feathers above the world,
And say to them: *Dient Ihr! Dient!*
Omnes, vos omnes, servite.
Serve me, I am meet to be served,
Being royal of the gods.

And to the elephants:
First great beasts of the earth
A prince has come back to you
Blood-mountains.
Crook the knee and be glad.

The Hours of Altair

(A Fragment)

By Robert Briffault

ALTAIR had lain all night with his Beloved. Towards the last hours of the night he rose, called by his spirit, and lit his lamp. For a while he stood looking at his Beloved as she slept like an image carved by one of the Children of Light and faintly tinted by a craftsman of Tanagra. And his thoughts began to sing in his heart—

Lovers are we,
we two,
you all in all to me,
I all in all to you.
Loving and cherished,
we fuse our being,
nothing concealing,
the world abolished,
the night surrounding,
Love's wings enfolding
you and me.

Nay,—let the truth be told,
cherished and loving,
whom love and night enfold,
who not a thought withhold,
soul to soul yielding—
strangers are we.

Chasms of Time and Space,
depths of unmeasured night
unplumbed by reach of light,
gap between star and star,
barriers of Age and Race,
walls that shut off and bar
being from thought, desire from heart,
sunder less widely,
sever less utterly
than the void depths that part,

spanless and fatal,
my soul from you,
the gulf abysmal
between us two.

And our souls that cannot meet,
can we cast them to the stranger in the crowd?
What to you I cannot whisper,
loving listener,
to you kneeling at my feet,
can I shout it forth aloud?

Altair went out on the housetop in the last hour of the night, under the stars. The world lay in darkness, and to him alone the faint signs of the dawn were visible in the heavens. Altair looked upon the faint signs of the dawn with great pleasure and upon the darkness of the world with great love.

And his heart sang within him—

Sing, my thoughts, sing
softly, softly in the night,
in the darkness and the silence,
in the throbbing living radiance
of the speeding Hours that swing
round and round on velvet wing,
wheeling Night's dark-sapphire ring
swiftly, swiftly to the light.

Sing, Sing, my soul,
freely, freely in my heart,
in the solitude and stillness,
in the pulsing, swarming fulness
of the dancing Thoughts that roll
Life towards her endless goal,
through the nameless living Whole
fully orbed in every part.

Fleeting Thoughts and fleeting Hours
that seem to come and pass away,
but time-forms of timeless powers
everlasting in their sway.
The tale unfolds upon the pages,
complete abides the perfect scroll;
in this hour are all the Ages,
all existence in my soul.

THE HOURS OF ALTAIR

Deathless the Hour,
deathless the Thought,
deathless the Moirai's threefold power,
life-born, time-wrought,
out of the Love that does not pass
into the love and the life that flee,
out of the One into the Three:—
the Hour that is, the Hour that was,
the Hour that is to be.

Sing, O my thoughts, and dance
under the changeless glance;
weave ye the mystic ring,
dance, O my thoughts, and sing.
Cast ye the vestures
of swathing textures,
Doric maidens lithe and fleet
swaying to the Pyrrhic beat,
limbs agleam,
hair astream,
wheel and swing,
leap and spring,
wafted upon magic feet.

Would you hear their joyous song?
If you would hear
you must come near.
Would you see their dancing throng?
If you would see
come close to me.

Hush! The teeming world's asleep.
Wake it not. Awake are they,
the Immortals;
and they leap
towards the portals
of the day.

A Note on the Genius of Marlowe

By Arthur Symons

I.

In Marlowe's lust for the impossible he recreated the lusts of the ancient ages and made them his own. In his creation of Tragedy he fashioned forms out of the womb of the utter darkness of Chaos: he gave to them his very life-blood, believing in them with the whole intensity of his convictions. Out of his consummate passion (a passion at once sexual and implacable) he wove webs of infinite ingenuity; and out of the lawlessness of his spiritual pride he passed beyond the reach of unattainable things. Out of his very flesh and bones he gave flesh its proper function, to the bones their beauty: for "the bones of beauty last." His vision carried him across vast spaces of unknown regions: from the unknown heavens to the unseen hells.

And this dramatist is also a lyrical poet, who first of all combines these intrinsic qualities in the tragic form. There is a perfume, a savour of salt, the scent of women's flesh, in his luxurious lines, that have at times the contours of Helen's breasts. And this lyric sense in him expands into tumultuous noises as of a sonorous orchestra; into the burning hearts of roses; into the sensual speech of wantons and minions; into the tremendous accents of Faustus's agony; into the piteous intensity of his King in his death-scene. Even his accents seem to be of his invention, often overflowing the normal beat in such a line as:

> "See how Christ's blood streams in the firmament!"

And in these unequal, these original accents, one sees the beginning of that infinite variety that Shakespeare surpassed. He inspires his tragic creations with the audacity of his unresting genius. Some of his characters are mon-

strous; some have unachieved desires; some thirst for carnage (like Tamburlaine) and for destruction; some for learning; few for wisdom, and none for virtue. Nor do even vices on the whole predominate. At their finest his men are the embodiment of single or of singular qualities, driven onward by forces to themselves unknown.

Does he not climb after " knowledge infinite," so as to measure " the wondrous architecture of the world "? Is the Illimitable beyond his reach? Does he discover countries yet unknown? Is he not glutted with fantastical conceits? Does he not love the gloomy shadows of night? Does he ever think: Can one make the moon drop out of heaven?

In this great poet there is the sublime purity of one whose imagination is filled with fire and flame, with smoke and hell's fumes; with the savorous scent of incense; with the bitter taste of unshed tears. In his rhetoric there is no restraint; in his highest form of it there is a splendour of naked eloquence. The magic in him is what fascinates us, in a sense in which no other dramatist does, by that youthful genius—as manlike as godlike—that swept away the entire rubbish of the Stage, so foully littered by it before his time. There are elements of what is inexplicable and mysterious in his genius. There is much in his work, as it were, to endlessly bewilder a mystified world by what is malignant, diabolical, sardonic, atrocious in his imagination.

The story of Faustus is one of the versions of the Fall. He creates the ghosts that throng him; he is worn out with too much self-questioning. And it is for his sin, for that most fatal and awful sin against the Holy Ghost, that he is damned. This drama—that has hardly the structure of a play—is perhaps the most elemental tragedy ever written. Planned with greatness, it greatens, as inevitably as incredibly, from scene to scene to the tremendous soliloquy that ends it, which, for agony in the extreme, and for horror unspeakable, has, as Swinburne said, " no parallel in all the range of tragedy."

In the 3rd Scene of Act I. of *Faustus*, the lines from his question:

> " But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
> Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord? "

to his answer:

"In being deprived of everlasting bliss,"

have in them that singular magnificence of one whose genius was at the zenith of its achievement. For they contain—those lines simply—more of one's belief and disbelief, more of one's sense of life and death, more of one's conjectures as to the soul and the spirit; more of one's speculations in the "vast abysm of time," than any lines ever written in any tragedy. They have in them the height of sublimity, the depth of terror; the horror of eternal torments, the error of imagining that there may be "eternal joys in Heaven."

Only Æschylus and Dante before him, and Shakespeare after him, ever wrote, ever conceived, in so consummate an instant of inspiration, a line so universal in meaning, so elemental in the quintessence of fiery imagination, lifted in the wings of the whirlwind, driven along by the irresistible force of destiny, based on something before the beginning of the world, as this one line said by the Spirit of Evil:

"Why, this is Hell, nor can I out of it."

When I saw *The Broken Heart* of Ford acted I found the action until a good way through the third act nothing but strained tedium; the first good thing is the madness of Penthea; with the death of Ithocles comes in that "grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements," which Lamb was the first to praise. Compared with Marlowe's *Faustus*, which I saw acted, I miss everything that is properly dramatic: the speech there is stupendous in its force and appropriateness. Scarcely anything more remains in tragic drama, after Faustus has spoken with Mephistopheles of Hell, and stands at the end naked to God's judgment, and can speak and fill that great pause adequately. It is all elemental, and, at the root, all is adequate. The comic middle portion could be omitted and nothing lost. There would remain the most essential drama in English.

II.

I have often found a curious similarity between the genius of Giorgione and the genius of Marlowe: both had the same passionate and fervent adoration of beauty, not

of universal beauty, but of the beauty of women; and, as Catullus sings:

> "But Lesbia is beautiful: hers is the secret alone
> To steal from all beauty its beauty, and make it her own."

Both "perished in their pride" in the zenith of their genius: Giorgione, who died of the plague in the early winter of 1511 in the arms of his last mistress; Marlowe, who died in the spring of 1593, in a quarrel over bought kisses and spilt wine, slain in a tavern by "a bawdy serving-man." In both the passion for perfect love and for absolute sublimity of the flesh and of the spirit finds its supreme and ultimate expression, faultless, radiant, flame-like; it burns in the shifting colours of the opal:

> "My soul is like this cloudy, flaming opal ring:
> The fields of earth are in it, green and glittering,
> The waves of the blue sky, night's purple flower of noon,
> The vanishing cold scintillations of the moon,
> And the red heart that is a flame within a flame."

So, as in such a masterpiece as "The Knight of Malta" of Giorgione, which has not the mystery with which Leonardo surrounds human flesh, as with an unnatural and wizard atmosphere, but in which the depth and significance of the look are in the very substance of the features and in the mere presence of a man, body and soul, there on the canvas; so, in the image of Marlowe's Faustus, where, as he stands, before Hell devours him, naked to God's judgment, filled with the enormous pride of Satan before his Fall, and the horror of his death rushes upon him, he also flames out of the world and remains for ever flame-like.

The ten fierce and ferocious acts of *Tamburlaine the Great* can only be imaged as a simoom which sweeps across a desert, bringing destruction and desolation in its track. The lines of Tamburlaine are perfect "midsummer madness." Yet the world-subduing conqueror has in him an insatiable thirst, unsatisfied to be condemned to the penalties of a prodigious genius, as, gathering his human spoils into his hideous snare, he strips them of their dreams and of their illusions so as to decorate his web magnificently. The play contains such praise of the poet's delight in his creation, and of his sublime submission to the everlasting limits of his art, that it leaves one in a state of breathless wonder. In this his "first, fine, careless rapture" he

evokes a vague vision—made from his admiration of Catullus:

> "Helen (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
> And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
> Had not been named in Homer's Iliad;
> Her name had been in every line he wrote—
> Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
> Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
> Not Lesbia nor Corinna had been named."

No poet who ever lived or wrote of Helen ever equalled, none ever surpassed, these imperishable lines:

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
> Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies:—
> Come, Helen, come, for Heaven is on those lips,
> And none but thou shalt be my paramour."

In reference to the Tragedy of Blood I said that in *The Jew of Malta*, finding in the subject a certain affinity with his genius, he made it his own. The play belongs distinctly to the school of Kyd, but it is raised above its predecessors, not only by reason of the frequent splendours of the poetry, but still more by the presence of a finely imagined character, an idealisation of the passion of greed. The play literally is Barabas; with his entrance and exit the good in it comes in and goes out. All the minor characters, such as the shadowy Abigail, are hasty sketches, rank if not bodiless—all, in fact, mere foils to the malevolent miser. Barabas himself is only a creation in the first two acts, where he foreshadows Shylock.

The source of the story has never been found, nor do I imagine that it was founded upon printed material; as Marlowe for the most part introduced the immediate present into his work before he began his creations; therefore it seems to me that the conjecture made by Tucker Brook has some ground for belief—that "Marlowe's Barabas is a somewhat similar blend of contemporary rumour and imaginative improvisation, growing out of the vague talk—particularly in the early part of 1591—concerning the mysterious David Passi, and the future fate of Malta." This Jew wandered over Europe; he was involved in the Turkish designs on Malta; he pursued a boggling policy, playing off Turk against Christian after the fashion of Marlowe's

Barabas. There are documents concerning him in the Venetian Archives; on July 15th the Venetian Ambassador, Lorenzo Bernardo, writes: "The Grand Vizier has caused the Jew, David Passi, to be publicly placed in irons with a chain around his neck, in his own house." The end of the story is that Passi escaped and returned to Rhodes in September. "His face shows the terror he has gone through." Certainly, two intimate friends of Marlowe's, Raleigh and Walsingham, must have been in possession of what was most essential in these facts; they must have imparted much of their knowledge to Marlowe. It was Raleigh who founded the famous "Mermaid," where the immortals—Shakespeare, Marlowe, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Marston, and others—had their revels:

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! Heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that everyone from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."

It was Raleigh who sent some of his own verses to Marlowe after the poet had read him one of the most faultless and flawless lyrics in the world's literature, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

We owe a debt of gratitude to the founders of The Phœnix, and to those who so generously supported this courageous and enterprising society, who—greatly daring—have given a production this year of Ford's masterpiece, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore.* I enjoyed to a certain extent the performance of *The Jew of Malta*; such a production can never be quite satisfactory. One always loses so much of the spirit of such a play when it is acted. Mr. Basil Holloway did all he could to represent the Jew after some interpretation of his own; he gave one only a faint reflection of the craft and cunning of this son of Israel. Miss Margaret Yard was admirable as the disreputable Bellamira; she reminded me of one of Carpaccio's courtesans in Venice: that great picture of his in which he represents them on a flat roof, with their hair laid out around them to get soaked and coloured with sunlight. Mr. Thesiger acted Ithamore to perfection; he laughed like the fiend he personified; in his poses, in his contortions, he reminded

me more than ever of a Rops: one of those strange figures of his Huysmans admired, I thought, inordinately.

III.

In Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* the analytical power which gave him the minute detail of his subsequent psychology—that crowded succession of delicate touches, by which he painted throbbingly alive and bare to its recesses the human soul—diverted from its proper function, turned from psychological into physiological, becomes here a mass of too distinct detail. Marlowe in *Hero and Leander* paints more throbbingly alive than almost any other poet that divine flesh which with the body's nakedness makes the wonder of women. Hero, drunk with the madness of her requited passion, has something of the devastating beauty of Helen of Troy. Only Catullus in such lines as those:

> "Caelius, Lesbia mine, that Lesbia, that
> Lesbia whom Catullus for love did rate
> Higher than himself and than all things stands
> Now at the cross-roads and the alleys, to wait
> For the lords of Rome, with public lips and hands,"

and Villon, in his immortal verses on Paris and Helen, and in many of his Ballads, could have given an epilogue over the passing of all earthly beauty with more perfection than Marlowe does in these lines:

> "It lies not in our power to love or hate,
> For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
> When two are stripped, long e'er the course begin,
> We wish that one should lose, the other win;
> And one especially do we affect
> Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
> The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
> What we behold is censured by our eyes.
> When both deliberate, the love is slight:
> Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Hero and Leander, this unfinished tragedy, is purely pagan both in conception and in execution; there is in it the giving up of all for love, the supreme surrender into the hands of Lilith, and the inevitable penalty, not only when ugly Night,

> "Overcome with anguish, shame, and rage,
> Hurled down to hell her loathsome carriage";

but when Faustus says: "*tipendium peccati mors est.*" From the moment when these lovers meet, death is behind them

and before them, as they in their " ill divining souls " divine with that strange certainty in what manner violent delights have violent ends. In their warm and gracious youth there is something of the inevitable pathos of things " sweet, not lasting." The Italian Renaissance casts an almost sinister light on these lovers; mingled inextricably with them is an element of mockery; with parched and feverish lips they drain one another's kisses; their flesh is the prey of exquisite passions. This is a lyrical hymn in praise of a virgin's and a youth's nakedness. When Hero loses her virginity, and before his possession of her, these raptures of the flesh and the spirit, these dear and strange contrivances of the naked girl to hide her burning beauty from her lover's eyes, her blushing nakedness which takes colour from the dawn before the dawn arises: never, in the whole realm of poetry, as far as I know, have these lines been surpassed. As in the vision of a beryl stone those priceless hours—all that remain to them of love and life—are mirrored in the depths of the beryl's fiery heart: these hours ache as the flesh aches with an adorable and perfect purity. Shameless, their mere sense of shame takes on an aspect of an almost immortal divinity:

" This strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now like Theban Hercules
Entered the garden of the Hesperides.
Again, she knew not how to frame her look
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly had gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out
He on the sudden clasped her so about,
That mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One half appeared, the other was half hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And on her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air
As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born."

I find in this poem some of the origins of Keats' *Endymion* and to a certain extent of his *Lamia*. Keats has

none of the intense luxury of Marlowe; he is over-luscious; he is Neo-Latin, almost like Baudelaire, in his insistence on the physical symptoms of his lovers, in their swooning and trembling. Take, for instance, these lines from *Hero and Leander*:

> "And night, deep-drenched in misty Acheron,
> Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
> Breathed darkness forth."
>
> "And like a planet moving several ways
> At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays
> Loving, not to love at all."
>
> "Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance."

Now take these lines from *Lamia*:

> "As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
> Throughout her palaces imperial,
> And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
> Muttered, like tempest in the distance brewed."
>
> "What wreath for Lamia? What for Lycius?
> What for the sage, old Apollonius?
> Upon her aching forehead be there hung
> The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue."

I give only one comment to these quotations: Swinburne's comparison of Marlowe's unfinished fragment with *The Question* of Shelley, "which alike for tone of verse and turn of thought so vividly recalls this poem, written in the same metre and spirit, that one is tempted to dream that some particles of the 'predestined plot of dust and soul' which had gone to make up the elder must have been used again in the composition of the younger poet, who in fiery freedom of thought and speech was like no other of our greatest men but Marlowe, and in that as in his choice of tragic motive was so singularly like this one."

Lamb said with his unerring instinct in regard to *Edward the Second*: "The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second; and the death-scene of Marlowe's King moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted." He had in his mind this sentence of Aristotle: "Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action,

not of narrative; through pity and fear affecting the proper function of these emotions." In Marlowe's tragedy there is none of the sublimity nor of the overwhelming passion of imagination we find in *Faustus*; on the other hand, for sheer dramatic genius and sense of the stage, for the sarcastic exposure of the infamous vices of Piers Gaveston, for the dagger-like interchange of biting and cruel dialogue, this tragedy is on the whole his masterpiece. I have rarely found in any play so subtle a preparation for the action as in Gaveston's first lines:

> "'My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
> And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.'
> Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
> What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
> Than live and be the favourite of a King."

It is with consummate skill that Marlowe portrays this shameless minion, wanton and jaunty, even to the end, this mixture of craft and cruelty, "this monster of men" who perceives, before he is slain, that "heading is one, and hanging is the other, and death is all." Queen Isabella cannot for a moment be compared with Ford's Calantha, who, after her dance of death, falls, stabbed to the heart by some pang beyond nature's; nor with Penthea, who is killed by the same death of moral agony; nor, indeed, with Rowley's Dionysia (heroine of *All's Lost by Lust*, in which he becomes a poet by his comprehension of great passions and by a sheer and naked speech), who can be lascivious, yet who dies with some of the ecstasy of Shakespeare's Cleopatra. Apart from this, while we see something of the *l'amour de l'impossible* which was in Marlowe's blood, there is more self-restraint and somewhat less of his passionate poetry in so supreme an artistic achievement, in so tragic a creation, than we find in *Tamburlaine*.

There is little to be said in favour of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, probably an early work of Marlowe's, which he had put aside, leaving it, one supposes, to be finished by Thomas Nash, a kind of Elizabethan Swift, whose prose is terrible and passionate and intense; whose verse is valueless except in his *Lament in Time of Plague*. All artists who are passionate after beauty, women's beauty, must inevitably be in love with Helen of Troy.

> "Brightness falls from the air,
> Queens have died young and fair,
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye,"

sang Nash, whose shrine faced neither the sun nor the moon. *The Massacre of Paris*, of which only a garbled text has been preserved, which deals freely with contemporary French history, which ends with the assassination of Henry III., that took place on August 2nd, 1589, has in it the heat of an anti-Catholic passion which is in fact the only vital heat that in any sense keeps more or less alive so lifeless a composition. Bullen was right in saying: "As far as is possible it is well to avoid theories, but I must state my conviction that Marlowe never attempted to write a comic scene"; so, on the strength of internal evidence, we might say that the comic scenes in *Faustus* were almost certainly not written by Marlowe, or if by chance they were, that they were "written evidently with as little of labour as of relish." Yet, if we seek a reason for the almost universal choice of brothels and taverns as the scenes of Elizabethan comedy, we shall find it partly in a theory, accepted from the Latin and Italian drama, that this was the proper province of the comic muse. The poets had to accept these conditions; and, as that learned and exquisite scholar and pioneer Bullen wittily wrote: "There was realised for the first and last time in the world's history the dream of Socrates; the theory he propounded to Agathon, who was too drunk and drowsy for argument or contradiction, as the dawn broke on that memorable Symposium."

So one might imagine the poet in his vision of the visible world and of the world's wonderful appearances, hearing the exquisite voice of the great Sophist, which, once set in motion, goes ringing on like a brazen pot, which if you strike it continues to sound till someone lays his hand upon it; or, in his deeper meditations, dreaming of the famous purple dye the Phœnicians discovered:

> "Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
> Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
> Whereof one drop worked miracles,
> And coloured like Astarte's eyes
> Raw silk the merchant sells?"

Only, as the brooding imagery of the senses steals over Marlowe with more subtle sorcery than their wont, Aphrodite, in his vision of her, grows more Asiatic, as the moon's crescent begins to glimmer above her head, lunar, spectral, a menace—the menace, finally, of Astarte.

Tongues of Fire

By Algernon Blackwood

THE friendly little dinner party was over, and Cecilia Lance had thoroughly enjoyed it; the Lindleys were kindly, simple people; the gramophone had been turned on and her dancing partner, Harold Sharpe, had been there. Cecilia and Harold knew one another's steps as intimately as they knew one another's minds.

"Odd that Cecilia doesn't marry," Lindley remarked, half to himself, half to his wife, as they sat over a cigarette when the last guest had driven away. "She's still pretty. Everybody likes her. And such a cheery soul." He puffed his cigarette reflectively. "She has charm, too—eh?" he inquired presently, as his wife offered no comment. He glanced up affectionately at her.

"Always full of life, yes," came the belated reply. "I think she enjoyed herself to-night. I think they all did. They liked the new records, too."

Her husband smiled and nodded. The new records had cost money. "I wish we could do it more often," he mentioned, sighing ruefully. The Lindleys were hospitably inclined, but they were poor, and even a dinner party had to be calculated. "Now, that fellow Sharpe"—he went back to his first line of thought—"I thought at one time—they seemed to understand each other pretty well."

His wife hesitated a moment, gazing into the gas fire. "They still do, I think," she said. "Their views of life are the same"—then, after a second's pause, as though the words slipped out against her kindlier judgment—"and of people."

Her husband, however, discerned neither the hesitation nor the effort at restraint that caused it. Both had their tongues well under control, he by a natural good nature, she by education. They were an affectionate, devoted, faithful couple to whom none but the most determined

could impute deliberate evil. A little later, as they tidied away the records before going to bed, he remarked casually:

"Sharp as a needle, though, isn't she? By Jove, yes!" He laughed. "They both are, for that matter," and he chuckled again.

"They don't mean to be, I'm sure," was his wife's charitable comment.

Again, apparently, he did not notice anything. It was her usual way of talking, anyhow. The Lindleys invariably were kindly in their judgments of people. They did not criticise others—nastily.

"I'll put the lights out, Dolly," he said presently. "You pop up to bed. It's late, and you must be tired." He kissed her, patting her on the shoulder. Fifteen minutes afterwards the room, so lately filled with music, whirling couples and merry voices, had darkness and the atmosphere of faded scent and stale cigarette-smoke to itself.

Meanwhile Cecilia Lance and Harold Sharpe were also talking in their taxi as he drove her to the widowed sister she lived with in Chester Street. They were in merry mood, satisfied with the evening just over. They discussed it in their usual way. Both voted it "ripping."

"Yet I never really care for a gramophone," Cecilia mentioned.

"It's better than nothing, though," her dancing partner agreed, while he qualified.

"Yes, I suppose so," she submitted, "only the records were so rotten, weren't they?"

"Putrid," said Sharpe.

"Why don't they get a few good ones, I wonder." She mentioned a few names. "If people use a gramophone for dancing, the least they can do is to have the latest tunes." To this her companion also gave assent. They both felt aggrieved. In a few minutes there was nothing bad enough left to say about the music, the floor, the cooking of the little dinner, and the heat of the room. They selected all the least favourable points and emphasised them, yet in their easy, natural way and without calculated motives.

Next they turned their attention to the other dancers, Cecilia leading the way, as before, with faint praise. "Not a bad lot," observed Harold patronisingly. "Quite nice," Cecilia qualified, "only I wonder where in the world they

pick up such people." Her companion, while agreeing, mentioned that a certain girl "looked all right, I thought."

"What! That dowdy creature!" Whereupon he swore he had really only noticed one girl, whose name was Cecilia, and so remedied his mistake. The criticism of the dresses which followed was largely a monologue, since Harold Sharpe merely approved her verdict with "awful, perfectly awful"; but when the taxi arrived after a drive of six minutes, the entire evening, including dinner, dance and dancers, had been so damned that no Recording Angel would have thought it worth even entering in his Book. The names of the destroyers, however, he possibly might have entered.

"Oh, come in for a minute and have a drink, my sister's sure to be up," invited Cecilia. Over his whisky and soda and her cigarette an opportunity was provided for chatting pleasantly about their late host and hostess, and without a chorus, since the sister had already gone to bed. "A good fellow, Jack Lindley," was Harold Sharpe's offhand opinion, "though what he sees in *her*, I can't imagine." But Cecilia, feeling robbed of her accustomed right to start the line of criticism, assured him that he was quite mistaken, for Molly was the possessor of "such a good heart." "It's what Molly sees in *him* that puzzles me! Still, she amuses herself with Sir Malcolm, the good-looking nerve specialist whom she's always going to see without the slightest reason."

"What! That quiet old frump Molly has a lover!"

"Why shouldn't she?" Cecilia championed her doubtfully.

Before her cigarette was half finished, Molly Lindley's character was demolished, and her husband, who was "gay enough when you got him alone," was insecurely balancing on one leg, which was certainly not fit to stand on. Husband and wife, a faithful, somewhat old-fashioned, devoted couple, who had just put themselves to trouble and expense to give the speakers a happy evening, had not a rag to their backs between them. Naked to the winds, vicious, false, and stupid, they were heading full speed for that hell in which the speakers, their detractors, did not, of course, believe. There was not a nastier couple than the

Lindleys apparently in all Chelsea—and this result had been accomplished by faint praise, offered with a pleasant smile; by careless suggestion, presented with a shrug of the shoulders; and by a series of innocent questions sprinkled with adjectives and adverbs that carried dark hints of hidden wickedness and double lives—but without a single scrap of truth to support the entire case. The Recording Angel, if he entered anything, entered it, indeed, as evidence the destroyers unwittingly gave against themselves—a confession that what they had in their own hearts and minds they saw most easily in others.

The case, moreover, presented with the skill due to long practice, was completed in ten minutes at the most. Without motive, without malice, without conscious intention to do harm or wish to injure, but merely obeying a habit to say something startling perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Lindley were left naked to the cruel winds and without a leg to stand on.

Incidentally, just before Harold took his leave—in the space of two minutes or so—Cecilia's sister, asleep upstairs, lay also without covering.

"One of the best," Cecilia replied, as he dropped a polite word of casual inquiry, "but oh, so queer and moody sometimes."

"She's jolly good to you, Ceci," Harold considered, knowing of the generous allowance.

"Oh, she's a perfect brick. It's only her moods that I find trying sometimes."

"Ah!" His ears were hungry at once. He glanced at her inquiringly.

Cecilia lowered her voice. "It's drugs probably," she mentioned.

Harold laughed, nodding understandingly. "They all do it," he said with a shrug, swallowing a gulp of the lady's excellent whisky, while the kindly soul they discussed lay dreaming peacefully on the floor above, a homœopath ignorant of anything stronger than fairy doses of aconite for a cold or colocynth for indigestion. In future, however, whenever her name was mentioned in his presence, Harold Sharpe, with a looking of knowing sympathy, would say darkly, "Drugs, you know. Yes, I'm afraid it's drugs. Oh, her sister knows it. . . ."

"Well, good-night, Cecilia. I must be getting on. See you again soon."

"At the Lindleys probably. Molly said they'd give another gramophone hop before long. Good-night."

An hour later both of them lay sound asleep, at peace with all the world and entirely pleased and satisfied with themselves, their hearts harbouring no malice, envy, or uncharitableness. Their tongues lay still. Their day, their evening, their conversation, had been an average sample of what occurred on the other 364 days of their year. Fallen Reputations marked their course like birds before a skilful gun. These were not deliberately brought down, but when they aimed with deliberation they landed much bigger game, for they were both deadly shots.

Now, one of the latter, wounded but not killed it so happened, traced the shot that hit him to its source. He was not only big game, he was dangerous big game, a man of personality, a man of power, a man of strange knowledge, too. And he did not bring the action for slander he was justified in bringing, yet neither did he ignore the wicked snipers who used poisoned shafts in the darkness. He merely cursed them. He CURSED them both. His curse, however, was perhaps no ordinary curse. . . .

II.

It was a lovely morning some weeks later that Cecilia sat alone in a taxi, examining her face uneasily in the narrow mirror, as she drove to Grosvenor Street. The sun shone brightly and old grimy London laughed with happiness. Flowers shone at every corner, in every button-hole. Birds were singing gaily. The air was sweet and fresh, for it was summer-time, and half-past ten was really half-past nine; but the pretty young face reflected in the taxi looking-glass betrayed no summer-time. It was neither sweet nor fresh. A haunting anxiety lay in the otherwise bright eyes. The corners of the little mouth turned down. From time to time she crushed a small lace handkerchief against her lips with violence. Occasionally, removing it quickly, she drew in a deep draught of the sweet air from the open window, inhaling and exhaling with fixed concentration in her face, then swiftly placing the handkerchief on her lips

again. One might have thought she suffered toothache, neuralgia; some nerve attack perhaps that affected the mouth or lips or gums. Her behaviour indicated extreme uneasiness, if not actual pain.

At the door of No. 100A she dismissed the taxi, and was admitted with scarcely a minute's delay. The butler with the sphinx-like face bowed her smoothly into the waiting-room, closing the door behind her silently. Evidently, since he did not ask her name, he knew it already. Finding herself alone, she ran to the big mirror quickly, but had only time to catch a glance of a white frightened face before the door re-opened and her name was softly spoken. Biting her lips, her hands clenched tightly at her side, she followed the sphinx into the consulting-room of Sir Malcolm, the famous nerve specialist. With an instinctive movement, as she crossed the threshold and saw the tall, dark-faced figure rising to greet her, she crushed the small lace handkerchief tightly against her lips. . . .

The interview was a long one. When she came out again the waiting-room was half-filled with fidgeting ladies who had been kept, they considered, unduly waiting. Her mind was too preoccupied to observe carefully, but she noticed, she fancied, one man among the women. Picking up her bag and parasol hastily, she looked into no single face. Her hands trembled, her breath came unevenly, her features were hard and aged, she kept the handkerchief pressed against her mouth. She hurried out; the sphinx called a taxi, she drove to her sister's house, ran quickly up to her room and locked herself in. The first thing she did on being alone was to collect several hand-mirrors and arrange them in such a way before the dressing-table that she could study her face from every possible angle. She studied herself thus for the best part of half an hour, her eyes too strained with intense anxiety for tears; her heart too over-loaded with a strange biting dread for her breath to behave naturally; her mind gone too far beyond control for her to remain still a single instant.

Cecilia Lance was terrified. But she had force, she had courage, her personality was not negligible; she could face anything, provided she first had time to decide upon her attitude and line of conduct. By the lunch hour, when she came down to meet her sister's guests, she had found

herself again. If the face was somewhat drawn, it was not noticeably so. Her breath was normal, her manner quiet yet not depressed, her voice betrayed no trembling. She had faced the situation and taken her line of conduct.

"Ah, there you are! You were out early, Thompson told me. I missed you." And her sister came forward with her usual affectionate embrace.

Cecilia drew back sharply. "You mustn't kiss me, Gerty. I've—got a cold. Oh, it's nothing. But I don't want to give it to you."

The luncheon party passed off pleasantly. No one could have said that Cecilia was not her gay and normal self, nor could anyone have guessed from her light-hearted manner the amount of nervous power she exerted to appear so. It was with difficulty, none the less, that she ate her food or swallowed her wine. She did not smoke. There was a sinking dread, a constant terror in her that required all her skill and courage to conceal successfully. That inner gnawing never ceased. The wolf of horror tore steadily at her very vitals. The handkerchief went from time to time to her mouth, but in such a way that the manœuvre seemed quite natural. In her mind still echoed the words the specialist had used a few hours ago. Her visit that morning to Sir Malcolm was not the first. It was the tenth. And after she had left him, he made his next patient wait a little longer for her dreaded yet coveted ten minutes with him. In fact, he did a thing he rarely allowed himself to do—he saw another patient in her place, a man—and when the man had gone, he delayed the fuming lady still another ten minutes, while he made notes, consulted books, and looked generally more puzzled and interested, perhaps dismayed as well, than in the course of his strange practice he had ever looked before. With his subsequent visitors he was even a little absent-minded, though he was certainly too skilful for this cardinal mistake to be discovered.

"It seems more than curious—it's incredible simply," he thought to himself, as he glanced over his notes that night before going to bed. It was a thing he had never done before—to think of a case when the day's work was done. He particularly examined a sheet of tissue paper which had a circular hole in it with rough uneven edges,

tinged slightly yellow, red, and black. He wore an expression of bewilderment as he laid it down. He was evidently baffled. " I've never come across such a thing before. The books have no record of anything approaching it." He passed into a mood of deep reflection. " I'm damned! " he said aloud finally. " It's positively mediæval. It's—it's uncanny." Sir Malcolm was baffled and admitted it—to himself only. " And two of them, by God! "

III.

It was just as the last guests were leaving that Cecilia was called to the telephone by Harold Sharpe. He asked if he might look in for tea and whether she would be alone. His voice had an odd note of seriousness in it. But Cecilia excused herself on the plea that she was resting before the Lindley's dance that night.

" Aren't you well? " he asked sharply.

" Oh—I'm all right, yes," with a moment's hesitation before she said it. Then Harold insisted. He was very urgent, very determined. " I simply *must* see you," he declared, " and alone, Ciss." A quiver ran down her, making her voice tremble a little. " Oh, all right," she yielded. " Gerty's going out. Only you mustn't stay long. I'm dead tired." Her body swayed slightly. She dropped into a chair and hid her face in her hands. Ten minutes afterwards Harold was in the room with her alone.

" I haven't seen you for ages," he began. " What's up? " His manner was odd, it was strained and nervous. He spoke rapidly and his eyes had a hunted look. His skin was pale. Fingers and lips twitched badly. " What's been the matter, Ceci? " It was the form of her name he used when he was in earnest, which was not often. " You never turned up at Claridges last night either." He coughed. The girl started, and asked quickly if he would smoke, but he declined with a gesture of impatience. He coughed a second time. His handkerchief came out. The girl started again, worse than before.

" Harold——" she said abruptly, then stopped dead, and looked away. She had meant to say something else. " What does that cough mean? " she asked instead, keeping

her face still turned from him. "I believe you're not—quite well. That wasn't a real cough."

His handkerchief was against his lips, and he did not answer.

"Harold!" she repeated, with a singular loudness, as though the word were produced by a shock. Slowly her head turned round towards him and their eyes met. "*Are* you?" she insisted in a tense whisper that had an ominous tremor in it—"*quite*—well?"

Instead of answering, he asked a point-blank question, staring fixedly at her: "What were *you* doing in Grosvenor Street this morning, Ceci?" And as he said it her memory worked vividly. She remembered. He, of course, had been the one man in the waiting-room. This flashed across her. Her hand went to her handkerchief, but she did not use it. His eye, however, she saw, detected the movement—and understood it. They knew one another's minds so intimately.

"So it *was* you, Harold!" She could only whisper now, it seemed. Control of her voice was gone.

Harold's face, already pale when he came in, turned a little paler. It went a shade more grey now. They stared hard into one another's eyes.

"I——" he began, then faltered. "What were *you* doing there?" he asked suddenly, and as he said it his eyes wandered down her face slowly, pausing at her lips. They were fixed in a dreadful stare. Unutterable questions, she knew, lay in them. Her handkerchief again flew upwards.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried vehemently, her voice muffled behind the pressing lace. "For God's sake, don't!"

He caught at her hand and wrenched it, so that the momentary pain gave her the energy to deflect her thoughts the least little bit. He was attempting—oh, she realised it quite clearly—attempting to look at her handkerchief and the knowledge gave her the power to try and hide it, to prevent him seeing it, to smother it away. Only he was too strong for her.

He forced her palm open.

"You were there," he said in a voice that was calm but oddly stupid, "for the same reason I was." He

dropped her hand, while she thrust the crumpled scrap of lace with violence into her tiny bag, yet knowing it was a useless thing to do, because he had already seen the strange, discoloured patch.

"How d-dare you?" she cried, stammering in her fear and pain. "You for-g-get yourself, Harold Sharpe!" But he made no attempt at either apology or explanation, merely sinking back with a faint sigh into his chair and leaving his own crumpled handkerchief open for her to see in the palm of his effortless hand.

It, too, bore the same dread signature—a discoloured patch.

For several minutes of silence the pair of them sat thus, each staring—as though bereft of any power to move or speak—at that ghastly and significant patch. It bore the appearance of having been burnt or scorched—by fire.

It was the girl who first recovered her self-control, though only in a measure. She rose from her chair and stood over him.

"Harold," she said in a very low voice, and as though it cost her enormous effort, "it's the same with both of us. And we've brought it on ourselves." Placing a hand on his smooth, thick hair, though he shrank from her touch, she continued in a whisper: "And do you realise—it's something not of this world—quite?" She paused, drew back a step, and stared down at him. "It's from the d-devil."

He made no sign, no answer, but his whole body shivered.

"Do you understand what it m-means?" she went on.

He sprang suddenly to his feet then, making strange gestures of futile violence with his hands.

"Ceci," he cried, "you're crazy! You're talking the damnedest nonsense in all the world. Pull yourself together——" and then his breath failed him and he collapsed in a stupid heap on his chair.

The girl shook him as though she could have struck his face for preference. There was great violence in her heart and mind. There was perhaps murder—or suicide, its equivalent.

"He told *you*—what he told *me*?" she asked in a voice

that seemed without any emotion because its owner was beyond any feeling.

Harold nodded.

" He tried the tissue paper? "

He bowed his head.

" He told you what—what we have to expect? "

The only answer, the only sign that her words were heard, was a convulsive movement of the body that somehow communicated horror more than any words could possibly have done. It was without intelligence.

" In-c-c-curable," she said in level tones that conveyed even better than his convulsive gesture her blank, ultimate despair! The stammer added a touch of unintelligence similar to his own. It was dreadful.

He looked up then with an idiotic smile, while she responded, the mind in her obviously already clouded: " Flame that never d-dies."

" T-tongues of f-f-fire," he said with a feeble giggle. " We have t-tongues of f-fire—you and I——" He got up with a gesture as though to kiss her. In his hand fluttered his handkerchief, its awful patch apparent.

She did not move. " And afterwards, too," she whispered, the last gleam of reason fading from her eyes, " for ever and ever. . . ."

The Restaurant des Moineaux

By Oliver Madox Hueffer

Most of us who are not very rich are still looking out for the ideal restaurant. Personally, with one exception, about which I am now going to tell you, the pleasantest I know is on an island in the Lake of Xochimilco, where you get tamales and tortillas and—but Xochimilco is a very long way from the Restaurant des Moineaux.

Poor men's restaurants in London are honest, but, broadly speaking, they don't know how to cook. Poor men's restaurants in New York—if there are any poor men in New York—since Prohibition came in have descended in everything below the lowest level of the London tea-shop. Poor men's restaurants in Paris have gone off terribly since the war, and where they know how to cook they have also learnt how to charge. There is, however, one restaurant, or group of restaurants, in Paris to which I think the veriest curmudgeon could take no exception. The surroundings are ideal; the decorations above criticism; the service courteous and efficient; the prices flatly derisory; the cuisine—but as to that you have only to see the appetites of the patrons. It is called the Restaurant des Moineaux and it has branches all over Paris.

The headquarters are close to the Louvre, but the branch establishments all conform, with minor variations, to one general scheme. The floors are covered with carpets of a restful green; the sun in summer is excluded by a cunning arrangement of green trellis work which, swaying to and fro as though moved by an unseen hand, makes for a pleasant coolness, and in the winter can be gathered up and put out of sight.

The managers of these restaurants are invariably respectable old gentlemen who wear frock coats and ribbons in their button-holes. The waiters and waitresses—for there are waitresses as well—are of mature years and unblemished reputations. The most frequent customers are little gentle-

men—I have never seen one who could really be called big—with smart brown hats and drab coats, and smooth grey waistcoats and the neatest of legs. A curious thing about them is that they might all be members of some great secret society, so similar are their habits. That is to say, they enter through the swing doors by a series of hasty, jerky steps that can almost be called hops, with a quick nod to one side, a glance at the other, and another look behind. It is evident at once that they are men of business, always on the look-out, I am afraid, for the main chance, and in a desperate hurry to get through with their lunch and back to business again.

At one time, or so I suppose, the *clientèle* was largely masculine. But with the growth of the suffrage movement —for there is a suffrage movement even in France—there are almost as many ladies as gentlemen among the lunchers. And these set a very good example to some other young business ladies in Paris and London and New York, for they eschew all feminine adornments and ornaments, all suspicion of peek-a-boo blouses and imitation pearl necklaces. They are as quietly dressed, indeed, as so many Quakers, and their business-like correctness is in sharp contrast, unfortunately, to that of some of the gentlemen lunchers, who show an unhappy tendency towards quarrelling over the best seats or the prompt service of their favourite waiter. Sometimes even the peacefulness of the proceedings is marred by actual quarrels. Scarcely has one gentleman secured his seat than there will be a bite and a squeak and a scuffle, and another gentleman has flown at him—there is really no other word for it—and snatched away the dish which has just been set before him, and something like a general *fracas* has begun. I forget if I mentioned that the name of the gentleman with the drab coat is Mr. Sparrow, and the select little restaurants are the pleasant little green gardens of Paris, and the waiters and waitresses are those pleasant humans who always have something in their pockets for hungry dicky-birds.

Every big city, from Paris to Pekin and from Mexico to Montreal, has its chosen type of public garden and is proud of it; but those of Paris are unique, less for what they are than for what they mean. For one thing, they are almost as much private gardens as public. To them

the same small people—small human people I mean—come day after day, exactly as if they were their own private pleasances, and their nurses and their mothers occupy the same place on the same seats, exactly as if they had brought them with them—as sometimes, indeed, they do—and the same little typists eat their lunch—there is a sameness about that lunch very often, I fear—and the same old gentlemen and ladies, their pockets bulging with crumbs, display a rivalry that is almost acrimonious as to who shall have the largest acquaintance among the real proprietors and the faithful *habitués* of the Restaurant des Moineaux, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sparrow.

They prefer to be known as Mr., Mrs., and Miss Sparrow, even in France, because the sparrow is the English bird all the world over—as they recognise publicly in New York—and whether you see him East or West, or North or South—whether he is quarrelling with white bears at the Pole or bullying ostriches in the Sahara, or chasing Andean condors from their nests so that he may steal their eggs—he is the same imperturbable, heroic, disreputable, quarrelsome, bullying little Elizabethan cockney. He is not popular everywhere; in some countries, I grieve to think, he has even made himself disliked—but the British Empire has also its detractors!

Babies may grow up and little typists become, let us hope, princesses, and old gentlemen slip away to feed birds of Paradise instead of sparrows, but still the little Englishmen in their smart drab coats and their smooth grey waistcoats and their raffish round hats stay on year after year without changing so much as a feather in a wing-tip. And fidelity is, after all, an English quality, too.

So if you should be English and an exile, even if you are not a very old lady or gentleman, you may find less pleasant occupation than to put some bread-crumbs into your pocket—you can steal them from your frs.3.75 *table d'hôte* luncheon table when the waiter is not looking—and make your way to the nearest public garden, and there sit on a bench and take out your offering and make friends with the chirping, fluttering, rowdy, lovable little gentlemen who make up the *clientèle* of the Restaurant des Moineaux.

The Brethren

By George Manning-Sanders

FIVE men sat around a long table in the kitchen of the ugly granite house, perched like a beacon on Dower headland. Since the old sexton's death it was the custom that Reuben, the eldest son, should dole out a share of the week's earnings every Saturday evening to each of the brothers. Three of the five acted as guides to the eager trippers who swarmed to the headland; one did the housework; and one—Edmond the ingratiating—sold picture postcards with a persistence that would not be denied. This Edmond bore no resemblance to his weather-beaten brothers, his face was round and pale, his tubby body looked pampered. His clothes were well brushed, a glittering celluloid collar gripped his stout neck as though to prevent its increasing in circumference, and he wore foppish boots which his brothers scorned.

Reuben tilted the money from a leather bag, and began an audible reckoning.

Edmond, stroking his puffy face, spoke in the affected drawl that all the brothers mistrusted and disliked. "It's been a nice day, and quite a lot of spending gentry."

Two of the men kept their eyes on the doings of Reuben's blunt fingers among the heap of coins. Daniel, the biggest and roughest of them all, looked into his brother's face with an open sneer, and said: "Aye, it's well enough for you dallying among the women with your monkey talk. Why, damme, if the world was full of shes, I reckon you'd be a Baron, or some such!"

Little creases formed under Edmond's chin; he tried not to show his delight at the tribute. "Oh, no, Daniel, not at all," he said, taking a perfumed handkerchief from his pocket and daintily applying it to his face. "And as a matter of fact I met a very pretty girl on the cliff only this evening, and she was most glum and shy—but attractive,

too, in her shyness—I must confess that I was disappointed when she told me she was waiting there for her young man."

Daniel sprawled across the table, his face menacing. "Grey eyes, hair soft-like and a blue gown?"

Edmond nodded.

"That's Jane Adams, and me and she's going to be man and wife come Michaelmas, so you can keep your pappy tongue off of her, see—or else——." He struck the table a blow that rattled the coins and brought the attention of all his brothers to him. "Yes," he repeated aggressively. "Me and her's a-going to be wed, and I'd like to know who's to stop me. The house were left to us all equal, weren't it? And a man's a right to a wife."

"Every right," said Edmond soothingly. He picked up the money Reuben had slithered along the table to him, and minced his way across the kitchen. At the door he turned to see his three brothers staring moodily at Daniel, as though marriage were an enterprise they had never heard of before.

"Do a bit of mending and that, boys," Daniel was saying apologetically.

"Louts," thought Edmond as he strutted along the cliff path, his plump hands clasped behind his back and his boots squeaking like a flute, "and Daniel the worst of them. What companionship could a tender creature like that hope to find with such a coarse mate?"

And then as he looked down at the sea four hundred feet below, Edmond had an inspired thought. Women were to him a mystery; responsive certainly to his charms, but nevertheless a mystery. Would not this marriage afford him an opportunity to study the sex! And perhaps in return Jane would study his comfort—appreciate the qualities in him which his brothers despised. His mind engaged in the theme, Edmond sauntered pleasantly.

When the young wife came to live with the brothers, she certainly justified Paul's prophecy. Each of the brothers laid his torn clothing insinuatingly on the back of his chair, and carried it away whole without giving thanks to her. But only once had Edmond need to bring *his* clothes to the back of his chair; thereafter his suits were tended by her, brushed, sponged, and darned—she was, as he had hoped, his

well-trained, respectful servant, looking up to him and reverencing him.

With the other brothers she was shy at first, and they sulky with her, jealous of the attention she lavished on Edmond.

" You don't need to go for to be calling *him* ' sir,' " said Daniel one day; " he's only just one of us, with a few old rigs he picked up as a boy when he went about the vicarage along of father."

But Jane could not treat him as an equal. Edmond was to her a superior being. She hastened to anticipate his needs when she heard his creaking approach, and the elaborate clearing of his throat sent all other thoughts from her mind, so that she should not miss what wisdom he might speak. And Edmond, well aware of this, condescended to her—would pat her head in passing with his plump white hand, and smile when she spoke to him as though she were a child.

If the brothers had a grievance against her it was Edmond who, at the last moment when blows seemed sure, pacified them with suave words that won him a warm glance from those large grey eyes.

For some time it amused Daniel, he bantered his wife with coarse jests and nicknamed her " Edmond's lolly "; but gradually he took another tone, forbade her to run when she heard his call, and sneered when he saw her mending his socks with deft care.

The climax came one winter's night as husband and wife struggled home from the market town, in a storm of wind and rain that hid the friendly lights of the house until they came close to it. Daniel had been making merry in the town, now he was quarrelsome.

" There," said the wife suddenly, " I saw the light then, that will be Edmond sitting up reading, and he'll have a good fire too."

Daniel made a few blasphemous and coarse references to Edmond. " You'll be wishing it was him as you'd mated with afore you're done, my girl," he bawled aggressively into her ear. She did not reply. " I'm not such a fool," he went on angrily. " I know what's underneath all that pap of his, a louse he's been and always will be. He's at some game with you, I'll lay. You don't take me in. That

slimy tongue can fool a woman more sure than a rougher, honester man's." Her silence vexed him. " And see here, my lass, and this is straight—if I find him mucking about with you, I'll take his soft head in me two hands and turn it around on his body, not five, but ten times, see? "

" Yes," said the wife, bending against the weight of the wind.

" What's that you say? " he shouted, seizing her by the arm aggressively.

She moved her head swiftly down, her teeth snapping a few inches from his hand. For a second her action paralysed him.

" You vixen, you vixen," he repeated stupidly, and then rage and jealousy taking the place of astonishment, he spurned her away from him into a tangle of bracken.

Once or twice he turned, thinking he heard her call above the racket of the storm—went back a few steps—and finally staggered on to the shelter of the house. A good fire burned in the kitchen. Edmond sat cosily, a book poised on his knee, faded plush slippers on his feet, and comfort in every crease of his clothes.

" A wild night, Daniel," he said, peering past his brother. " And where is our gentle Jane? Hush, brother, hush. I fear you have been making merry. Have you left her in the town? Very wise, very."

" Wise be damned," said Daniel, flinging his sodden coat on to the table. " You and your old fakes, and she's just as bad; I'm sick of it, do you hear? " He imitated his brother's mincing speech. " That's very wise, and the gentle Jane shall have a bit of comfort. To hell I say, and if you want to know, I heaved her into a clump of bracken out yonder I did, and if you're so set on comforting the gentle Jane, she's out there in the blast and ready for plenty."

Edmond's voice when he spoke had some resemblance to his brother's. " Out there—she'll die of it! My God, is it murder you've done? "

" Not I; the vixen tried to bite me and I chucked her into the bracken. I'm for bed, and I advise you to be slippery or she'll be washed adown the cliff side, will your gentle Jane." With a grating laugh he took a tin candle-

stick, tilted it until the candle had caught flame from the fire, and went heavily up the stairs.

Edmond hurried to the window, trying to see through the rain-drenched, rattling panes. He could see nothing. Then he went to the door, which the wind, shrieking, pushed rudely in upon him directly the latch was raised. The rush of rain wetted him through on the instant, blinding his eyes. He paced up and down distractedly; there never had been such rain surely, and she would be out there almost suffocated by it. She might be unconscious. He decided to awaken Matthew, his eyes were like a cat's, he could follow the path in the dark. Half way up the stairs he thought better of it and went down again. How grateful she would be to her rescuer, a sure slave for life, kept conveniently by the brutal Daniel. She would nestle in his arms out there in the deluge, her cheek cool against his, and perhaps reveal in words the humility and love that had so often glowed in her eyes. And once she had made the admission, she might be even more considerate to his comfort, more responsive to his words and gestures.

Edmond lit two lanthorns, put on two oilskin coats and two sou'westers. Then he felt the day's growth of beard on his flabby chin with misgiving, put a handful of pink cachous in his mouth, and timorously stepped out into the rain and wind. Until he came to the corner of the house the wind was full in his face, but directly he turned, the rain rattled on the back of the sou'westers like kettledrums, and the buffeting wind drove him along the path helpless. Clutching the swinging lanthorns desperately he was swept onward like a leaf with two glow worms attached, his feet tripping, jerking, dancing grotesquely in the yellow flickering light. He had not time to think what would happen, but in a hazy way he knew that an extra rage of wind might lift him and his lanthorns and carry him down to the sea.

When he did fall at last with a force that drove one lanthorn hurtling over the cliff like an irregular meteor, and crashed the other to extinction beneath him, he felt thankful for the grasp of the solid wet ground. His breath was driven from his body, he lay there struggling to regain it, cursing Daniel in his heart, as well as blaming himself for interfering. The sea boomed in his ears, flying grit stung his face and smarted in his eyes.

" Is it you, sir? " he heard her voice say like a note of music above the uproar, as a soft hand timidly felt his face.

" Yes," he blurted, trying to get up. And then it happened just as he had expected it would happen—her cold cheek against his, her kisses on his eyes, on his lips, on his hands. " Oh, sir, what am I doing! " she said hysterically, " oh, what is it? "

" It is devotional affection," said Edmond, as he strove to shelter behind her.

She couldn't hear him and he had to shout it more loudly. Her wet hair lashed his cheeks. The water from her sodden clothes ran down his neck. She supported him back to the house, her arms tenderly about him, whispering words he could not hear.

An hour later, warmed, fed, and dry, he sat wishing she would go up to her husband. Her arms were oppressively tight about his neck, her quick breath disturbed one of his eyes, her frequent embraces half choked and nauseated him. She had insisted upon putting out the lamp, in the fire-gleam she looked wild-eyed, a little mad; he wondered if the wetting had started a fever, she was so impulsive and so unlike her quiet self.

" Why do people feel like this, Edmond dear? " she said in an indistinct whisper.

He frowned at the missing " sir "—missing for the first time.

" A slight excess of affection. It will be all right to-morrow, you will feel then only that beautiful reverence for me that you were speaking of." He tried to disengage a hand, she seized it and pressed it against her with the little finger doubled excruciatingly backward.

" I want you—I want you," she breathed impetuously, " and I'll push Daniel down along into the sea if he interferes—or any of 'em."

" Hush, my dear child," murmured he, realising at last that he was dealing with a great force. " Someone, perhaps Daniel, will hear, he has a temper, he might turn you outdoors in the storm."

" Let him! What do I care so long as you come too? We'd shelter in a barn, or stay in the wet—you and I, dear—so close."

The pressure she gave compressed his windpipe, he

spluttered painfully, tears in his eyes, alarm in his heart at the sound of a door violently opening and shutting upstairs.

" It is Daniel," he said in alarm, " this—this must be a secret between us. Go up to him quickly, don't let him suspect——"

The strange expression on her face, and the wild manner in which she rushed away were a trifle disconcerting to him, but he was glad to be alone. He felt weak. Perhaps a drop of the brandy kept for medicinal purposes in the larder would help him. He wished those two would stop talking —what need was there?—she should have gone up without a word.

He did not search for a glass, but drank liberally from the bottle. When he went back the lamp was lit again, and Daniel, partly dressed, stood in the middle of the kitchen, swinging a stout leathern strap. His wife was crouched by the fireplace, her hand on the heavy poker.

" Sit you down, sonny," said Daniel with an ironical smile. " Me and the Missis has been having a bit of a talk. Seems as her and you be in love like, same as what happens in books. Meant to give you a warming, I did, but she's talked me over. Come to think of it, what will I do with a woman what's mewing constant for another man? So I've decided to let you and she clear off at once, and I'll collect your share of money for a time. I can't say no fairer than that, Edmond; you best be off afore I up and change my mind."

" Yes, yes," said the wife quickly.

Edmond sat huddled with closed eyes. Things were not going as he had hoped. " My children," he said, holding up a trembling plump hand, " such a course would be sinful. There is no need for Jane and myself to go to these extremes, the affection we have is above such vulgarity. She will live here as before, giving me a small share of her abundant affection."

" No, no! " panted the wife, " take him at his word, come now." She tugged at his coat impatiently.

" No, Jane, I must think of you, your position, what the world would say. Let the love you feel for me ennoble your life, raise it above the commonplace, and—and so on."

" Are you coming? " she asked in a harsh voice, colour rising in her cheeks, her underlip trembling.

The rain beat a devil's tattoo against the window, the wind yelled around the house above the roar of the waves.

" It would be unjust—unbrotherly to Daniel," he said, " no, I will not come."

Many expressions flitted swiftly over her face. As her husband began to laugh, she leapt forward and seized the heavy leather strap from his hand. At the first hot rush of it across his face, Edmond hardly realised what had happened. At the second stroke he knew that she was striking at him with deadly force—his lip was split, blood trickled saltly into his mouth. He slipped to the floor with his head pressed down so that the thong should not curl around to his face; he felt kicks, and crept at last far under the great table to the window recess, to hear Daniel's voice speaking as though he were miles away.

" That's enough, girl, here, give me the strap, he's too soft to take more; you'll kill him, the poor worm."

" What for shouldn't I? "

" Why, damme! you're more of a real woman than I thought. Give me a kiss, and make it up—I've been a fool to be jealous of the like of him."

The brandy was confusing the wits of the fugitive under the table. Their voices, laughter and kisses seemed to go on for hours. When they had gone he crept out, pressing sympathetic hands on his bruised face.

" If *that's* love," he said quaveringly to the walls, " it's a matter of life and death for any man."

After which he limped self-pityingly to his bed.

The Modern Home (i)

Planning and Arrangement

By L. G. P.

THE industrial conditions of the nineteenth century killed the old tradition of house-building in this country, and a crop of dwellings, utterly unattractive within and without, sprang up all over the land. Fortunately, a small but continuous leaven of good domestic architecture was always to be found among the vast mass of bad, and the school of Norman Shaw and Philip Webb, continued at the present day by Voysey, Troup, Curtis Green and others, showed the world that good building and thoughtful planning were still possible. But the well-designed house has been the luxury of the comparatively well-to-do, and the speculative builder has provided the majority of the houses erected. The world is now awake to the fact that the problem is too big to be solved by the imaginations of the purely commercial speculator, and the great interest shown in housing, especially since the Great War, is a sign of the times. The Housing Act (1919) has resulted in over 100,000 working-class houses, many of which serve as an object-lesson in what can be accomplished when a united effort is made to apply thought and taste to this class of house.

But the bitter cry of the middle classes has also made itself heard, and even the over-taxed plutocrat is suffering in his way from domestic difficulties. In the old days housework was looked upon as a form of cheap labour, and houses were planned with little regard to economy in this direction; but the position of the domestic servant has changed considerably. The non-resident servant is becoming more usual, and in many households the members of the family are willing to do a part of the housework themselves, and this all means a simplification and a need for concentration in house-planning. The rise in the cost of

building has led to a shrinkage in size, the rooms are smaller and lower, all unnecessary passages and spare spaces are omitted. One good result of this tendency is that the reduction of the height of living-rooms to a minimum of eight feet, not only improves the proportion, but saves labour in reducing the number of steps in the staircase. Perhaps the modern house tends to be in the nature of a doll's house, but fortunately the modern family has also shrunk in size, and, in spite of the lament of the Bishops, the large family is now the exception. The public interest in the question which has been shown by the Ideal Home Exhibitions and Conferences which have been held at Olympia and elsewhere, and the Garden City schemes at Hampstead, Letchworth, Welwyn, and many other centres, are a practical illustration of the desire for improvement. The *Daily Mail*, with its usual enterprise, organised a competition for a labour-saving house in January, 1920, and again in January, 1922, and the published results were the subject of much discussion. The successful competitors were determined to provide every sort of device for saving labour, and only succeeded in producing an article which was both too elaborate and too costly to erect for the amount specified. The point seemed overlooked that the householder should go half-way to meet the difficulty by simplifying his wants, and the arrangements for labour-saving were sometimes too much on the lines of the washing-up machine which could wash up everything except itself.

The keynote of the plan should be simplicity first and last; a simple, compact arrangement of rooms with an outline free from unnecessary breaks and angles will also make possible a simple roof-line, which is all-important to the outside appearance, for the greatest defect of the modern villa is the restless appearance caused by the usual jumble of hips, bays, and balconies all too small in scale to give the quiet dignity which is the hall-mark of good architecture.

Much discussion has taken place on the subject of the bungalow as a possible solution of the labour difficulty, but the upshot seems to be that the omission of the stair is more than balanced by the additional corridors, increased area for foundations and roofs, and the disadvantage of bedrooms on the ground floor.

The basement kitchen has, however, gone for ever, and

the house of many stairs is a thing of the past, except in the case of flats. These latter are in many ways extremely labour-saving, especially when provided with lifts and central heating. But the typical house where the Englishman can feel that his home is his castle is an affair of two, or at most three, stories.

In a house of this type the relative position of the kitchen and dining-room is the most important point to be considered, and there are two principal ways of arranging this. The first is the dining-room-kitchen, which may be a very attractive room with an open fireplace and oven combined (as in the Interoven type of grate), and a dresser filled with cheerful crockery, while the sink and gas cooker are placed in a scullery adjoining, so that the dirty work is not in evidence. The second method is to have a small dining-room, preferably with folding doors opening into the living room, the whole apparatus for cooking and washing-up being concentrated into a kitchen-scullery which should have a service hatch to dining-room. The service hatch is best placed within reach of the sink, so that the dirty dishes may be passed direct from table to sink, and a china cupboard combined with the hatch opening both sides saves labour still more, as the crockery can return from sink to cupboard, and so into the dining-room when the table is laid.

The kitchen range with back boiler is tending to disappear altogether and to be replaced by a gas cooking stove and a hot-water heater or a system of geysers. The store cupboard, the larder, and the coal store should all be within reach, as a leading (lady) authority on the subject has recently described the wasted time and energy resulting from scattered planning in this department.

The open fireplace has come in for much abuse owing to the amount of work entailed in carrying coals, lighting fires, and removing the dust that flies about the rooms, while the effect on the atmosphere is even a heavier count against it. But in the living room the open fireplace still holds its own for comfort and health, and even the smoke abatement enthusiasts allow a " ration " of one open fire per house. If radiators are used, the run of pipes should be carefully considered in the plan, and the radiators themselves should, as far as possible, be placed in recesses under

windows. Gas fires are also extremely useful, especially in rooms used intermittently, and can be made quite pleasant to the eye if really fitted into the fire-opening.

The use of gas means a reduction in the number of chimney stacks, as a small flue in the thickness of the wall with an outlet near the eaves is sufficient. On the bedroom floor one coal fire in case of illness is advisable, but as this is naturally over the living room one chimney stack to a house is enough where gas is available or radiators are used. The supply of water to the bedrooms and the emptying of slops are avoided by the use of lavatory basins with hot and cold supply in every bedroom, and, failing this, it is at least desirable to provide two lavatory basins on every bedroom floor. The multiplication of waste pipes and supplies is expensive, but in the room next the bathroom it is possible to fix an extra lavatory without great cost.

The difficulty of housing the Mid-Victorian wardrobe of ample proportions in the small modern bedroom has shown the necessity of providing a good hanging cupboard in every bedroom, and we should do well to imitate the Americans in this matter, as they seem to have inherited the old farm-house " closet " tradition. (The closet is usually about six feet long and not less than three feet deep, and, in the best houses, contains the lavatory basin.)

The linen cupboard is best opening off the landing and should contain the hot-water tank or hot pipes, and a box-room is also most necessary. This may be often contrived in the roof, and as a steep pitch is a great advantage externally, the space gained may be used for this purpose, or even for an emergency bedroom.

The well-planned house is not complete without a roomy entrance where there is ample space for cloaks and boots, and if hot water is available, a radiator should be provided for drying wet clothes.

The architectural treatment of both the interior and exterior should obey the law of " fitness for purpose," and it is a true saying that the " elevation should express the plan." Proportion and scale are the essentials, and good workmanship and materials are more important than elaboration and ornament. The structure of the house should be studied rather than the dressings, and money is better spent on an oak floor or staircase, or a simple

panelled dado, than on machine-made imitations of the Jacobean or Queen Anne periods, common in overmantels and sham inglenooks. Mouldings should be used sparingly, and in designing the sections of skirtings, cornices, architraves, etc., the aim should be to avoid the collection of dust and remember the housewife.

The type of window used will exercise a great influence on the general design and proportions, and lies generally between the sliding sash in wood or the metal casement with leaded lights. The latter is still the finest type of casement for use in this country, and the wooden casement so much in vogue now is rather a poor substitute, as there is too much woodwork entailed in proportion to glass, and the fitting and hanging of the casements are not so accurate.

The cleaning of the windows should be considered and the ventilation of the rooms studied, especially the relations of window, door, and fireplace. The sash window on the whole has the advantage from the point of view of use, and can be particularly attractive outside if used in conjunction with shutters.

To conclude, no labour-saving house is going to be pleasant for human beings to inhabit unless the lines are simple and beautiful and the materials chosen with an eye to colour and texture. In the South of England we have charming bricks and tiles in most districts; in the North there are many beautiful slates, and if the expense of stone facing is too great, it is possible to use concrete with good effect, provided no attempt is made to imitate the natural rock face; the uses of plaster are full of attractive possibilities, and materials, to be successful, must not only keep out the cold and heat, but must weather and mellow in a natural fashion.

(*To be continued.*)

THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

Taffy

By "The Little Spoon"

MR. CARADOC EVANS bounded into fame shortly before the war as the discoverer of a new literary method. Once more the Bible was the source, but he had another, Wales, and the idiom of Wales transcribed into English, which he used as a searchlight upon the insular idiosyncrasies of his people. Wales was virgin soil for literature and Mr. Evans was fiercely regional. He sovietised (before Lenin) the King's English. The stories he wrote (published mostly in this REVIEW) struck a new theme and a new note. Their quality, of daring and incisive re-creation, staggered. They were at once tragic and comic. He was of course pilloried, denounced by his "Fathers," and damned, but he held his course, and in time the stories appeared in book form, when literary London recognised an "original" and a new force. Then came the war and the transvaluation of values that have succeeded war, in which all that went before was forgotten, barred and banned to make room for the new values which were to give us a new world and what not, where indeed we stand to-day still re-valuing, still seeking the de-morphinisation of art and society. Into this knock-about flux Mr. Evans tipped out a play, *Taffy*, thanks to the largeness of Mr. Dennis Bradley, who not only produced the piece, but really presented it to the edification of a representative art-caring audience.

After the trash which has graced the boards since the Armistice, *Taffy* naturally puzzled. To begin with, Mr. Evans refuses compromise. Though no one can call him a highbrow, whatever the tag may mean, he is a high-kicker with a message. He wallows in that long-lost article —sincerity, out-Heroding any revivalist, withering all politicians, scorning the conventionalities of the box-office theatre, too proud to pander to the commonness, rottenness, vulgarity, and clap-trap of the machine-made play that has

Costumes and decoration by Paul Tschelitscheff for "Noce des Boyards."
(Russisches Romantisches Theater.)

Decoration and costumes by W. Bobermann and P. Hosiasson for "Les Millions d'Arlequin."
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"Hamlet." Final Scene. Design by Prof. Roller.

(From *Teatrul*, the Art Theatre Magazine newly published in Bucharest.)

reduced our stage to the lowest in Europe; and such a man starts with a heavy handicap, for the London Theatre is a purely commercial business, and the man who thinks otherwise is not a " patriot." This was made evident during the production. A Welsh chorus punctuated his sallies with antiphonal chants, culminating in a rally for " Lloyd George," which, however, fell flat, as the audience was a cultured one, far from the madding crowd of the hustings. In short, *Taffy* hit, hurt, and heartened.

It was a stimulating afternoon. The parochial quarrelling about zinc or tiles for the chapel, who is to pay for it, who not to profiteer out of it, how to do in this " big head " or that preacher, and all that kind of thing reminiscent of the terrific rows, intrigues, enthusiasms, and squabbles that used to go on years ago over the building of Cathedrals—such was the theme, infinitely minute and localised, represented by three " big heads," a pair of rival preachers, a sweet Welsh maid and her farmer father, ending in a little love episode which took the boy preacher from the Church and led the venerable preacher, " tearful Ben "—a great scream of a type—to take unto himself his fifth wife. Not much movement, perhaps. No slop, no brandy-balls for the pit, no bawd or catch or penny-whistle tintinnabulation for the ladies—just hard, inexorable, caustic life as it is, or as the author sees it.

To our jaded theatre-mind, steeped in the artificialities of the commercial play, which bears no relation to psychology at all, the thing seemed preposterously over-emphasised, over-laden, over-keyed. Many could not stand this showing-up of a village mentality; all shook their heads at the notion of trying so brilliant a spate of satire, wit, fun, and human analysis upon the people. No doubt Mr. Evans is a phenomenon. He has the single-track mind. He cannot portray his people with char-rm, as Sir J. M. Barrie portrays the Scot, and he lacks the poetry of Synge, who Biblified his people. He stands between Bernard Shaw and Synge. His weakness is partly technical, partly the weakness of his race—he himself is a preacher. *Taffy* is a sermon in sermons. A little bit too homilectic for the Theatre, which demands light and shade and that indefinable something which leaves some things to the imagination.

Refusing hypocrisy himself, he seems to have forgotten that hypocrisy is the world's social weapon, and so in uncloaking his characters he deprives them, protests, too much. They are too revealed, too undifferentiated, too bare. Not as real men, perhaps, but as theatre men certainly, the result being a sameness of character and procedure which detracts from the illusion so essential to the footlights. His village is one of Iagos all the way; call it realism. Yet it hummed, held, and was a joyous performance. There were great scenes, one superb moment handled by Miss Evans with mastery, a delicate love-passage, and innumerable unexpected scintillations of bathos, drama, and antithesis. Mr. Evans reached heights and plumbed depths. He has written himself into his work, which has the great merit of vitality. We saw live men. We heard live words. We left more alive than when we entered the theatre.

What is to be done with *Taffy*? Will it die because it is so alive? Presumably. Any bidders? I wonder. Anyhow, *Taffy* was a little event, an Ark in theatre-land. It has reinstated Mr. Caradoc Evans, thus promoting the slow process of de-morphinisation. Those who saw it will not forget Ben and his sermons, or the Elders, or the wench who drew the young preacher back to the land, or the pithy, racy, quaint dialogue, or the hen, in place of a close-up. Theatrical managers may cry cock-a-doodle-doo to it, but Mr. Evans may yet, with management and manipulation, be able to say " hey cockalorum " to the great public, when *Chu-Chin-Chow* and Co. have gone to the land of their Fathers.

Advertisement and the Drama

By Horace Shipp

It is an interesting phenomenon of our time that the man who holds the mirror up to nature will probably find somebody's tinned milk or beef extract reflected therein upon an outsize poster. And if the nature is this human nature which one may assume Hamlet to have had in mind in his admonition to the actors, the result is distressingly the same—our mentalities are plastered over with the ideas, the faiths commercial and other, the unbelievable beliefs which the well-paid publicity man has planted there as surely as he has planted hoarding horrors throughout the countryside. It is above all else the age of advertisement, and the sociologist of the future will find the solution of much that is incredible in the happenings of these days in this enormous industry in mob hypnotism. Remembering, therefore, that it stands almost at the forefront of our social life, it is not surprising that at present the London Stage offers two plays which are based upon publicity as a theme. *Advertising April* has given its authors immediate place as dramatists upon the strength of this first play; whilst A. A. Milne has turned his practised hand to the question of advertising in his new comedy, *The Great Broxopp*. As a theme it is one worthy the attention of dramatists. It lies ready to the hand of the comedy writer who has a concern for the real foibles of our day and generation; and there could be tragedy, too, if a dramatist chose to portray this enormous, almost impersonal power welded over the minds of the people, and to deal with the interweaving of the personal human issues with this inhuman force.

In both these plays there is a failure to crystallise around the theme for its own sake, so that perhaps the actual use of it still awaits the coming of a playwright. Mr. Milne has used it rather as a background for his story of the incredible creator of Broxopp's Beans for Babies; against

that background we see portrayed his rise and fall and the beginning of his new rise. Only at one point when the human dignity of his son, challenged by the indignity of the ceaseless publicity woven round his name, breaks the bubble of the old man's pride in his life-work—there only is an actual point of contact where advertisement becomes a participant in the drama. In the other play it is much more omnipresent and of a piece with the human thesis. Here is a story of a film artist whose husband is also her press agent. Driven from stunt to stunt by the exigencies of the demand for publicity which he has created, at last he suggests that she shall divorce him as a further bid for public attention. Whereupon her pride as a woman comes into conflict with this force, and she uses the young romantic, who tries throughout the play to win her back to reality, as a foil to arouse her husband's jealousy and to bring their relationship to a plane of human decency. That story might well be told as tragedy; in the hands of Herbert Farjeon and Harry Horsnell it becomes the most delightful of comedies, bordering at moments on farce, yet miraculously never losing sight of its satirical intention. It is conflict between life and a stunt, with an inconclusive ending where we are shown the reconciliation of the pair, when they have arrived at a compromise as to which indignities are permissible and which are not. From the viewpoint of a decisive conclusion to the problem raised this weak ending may be regrettable, but one has to compliment the authors upon a command of dramatic technique which forbade them sentimentalising this *dénouement*, and kept April Mawne so completely herself to the last moment. And what an April Mawne! Never were authors better served by their leading actress. Sybil Thorndike got the utmost possible comedy from every opportunity they offered; her voice, her gesture, her movements, her boundless sense of life and fun, her tremendous vitality made of the little vapid film star a creation worthy to stand beside her Hecuba and her Witch of Edmonton. Only her intellect could have got the full value out of the inanity of the character. When at the interval she released one's mind to think independently I remembered Romain Rolland's demand for the theatre—joy, energy, and intelligence. She gave them all to us in the way the great French critic meant

when he coined the phrase, and one will not easily forget the perfectly inflected series of negatives with which she answered her romantic lover's advocacy of the simple life, the recounting of his ideals to her husband, the careful arrangement with the aid of mirror and powder-puff of the smile that made the sunshine jealous, nor many other moments of the play. By sheer acting power the play was Miss Thorndike's. In the same way, if to a lesser degree, Edmund Gwenn creates the great Broxopp. The part lacks the subtlety and finesse which is inherent in April Mawne, and so, in spite of Edmund Gwenn's efforts, we remain unconvinced of greatness, but the fault here lies with the author, who tends to depend far too much upon incidental wit rather than upon inherent humour, and to neglect shockingly the verisimilitude in characterisation which makes a play ring true. Drama cannot live by epigram alone. Mr. Milne's people are such glaring misfits into the incidents assigned to them. But to return to Broxopp, and by way of Broxopp to the original note of this article. Our minds may be throughout in a state of revolt against all that Broxopp stands for, just as our minds are opposed to all that April Mawne stands for. Yet during the three hours' traffic of the stage we accept alike the preposterous little swindler with his socially dangerous power of marketing rubbish, and the feather-brained film star making life one gigantic screen for her posturing. For, be it remembered, we do not laugh at these people, we laugh *with* them. We accept them at their own valuation —the value which their power to exploit the fatuous credulity of their fellows imparts to them. So the wheel comes full circle and this drama of vulgarity depends as in the beginning upon our interest in human dignity and human power. That power accepts the modern condition for its expression; and even though publicity, advertisement, press paragraph, and vulgar " puffing " may be the steps to its throne, there is little loss of the dignity essential to drama in using those steps. It is still a throne; its occupant a king, a queen. Margaret Storm Jameson, in her fine book upon Modern Drama in Europe, underlined the need of this element of human dignity and power as a primary thing in drama. It need not depend upon actual social status. Maxim Gorky has shown in *The Lower*

Depths that tramps and thieves and prostitutes can still have kingship of the spirit; and so it remains a great play, while certain plays of our own "realistic" school have crashed dramatically because the playwrights have not only dealt with back streets, but with back minds. So we turn again to the creatures of the dramatist's creation who have achieved domination in the terms of our contemporary social environment, even though we do not admire those terms for their own sake. One may look forward to a day when an enlightened human spirit will reveal the basic falseness of that domination; but while we accept it in life we cannot but accept it on the stage, and it places in the hands of the dramatist a vast wealth of material alike for tragedy, comedy, and satire.

Lighting and Enlightenment at the St. Martin's

THE Reandean management is not an uncommercial nor an anti-commercial one, but because they make their theatre work the vortex of their activities rather than concentrating upon the box-office, the St. Martin's Theatre is in the front rank of English culture. It has dignity; one could take a foreigner there without blushing.

Recently the Swabe-Hasait system of lighting has been installed—a Continental system which in the hands of German artists has given results of real beauty, and which could prove the means to the *décor vivant* long sought by certain artists. At the demonstration recently we saw it making perfectly naturalistic clouds and sky effects—a result hardly worth spending ten months and £13,000 to achieve. I assume that the producers will escape the temptations thus to use it as an unessential accessory to drama and turn it to the intensification of drama itself, and in that hope one welcomes such equipment efficiency.

On two other matters we congratulate Reandean. Their programme in its new form is the best I have seen outside the State Theatre at Berlin, and they have adorned their loggia with a beautifully illuminated record of past casts and productions. There is a certain charm in being treated by a theatre management as though one has rather more culture than the scullery-maid.

The Ruhr & the Berlin Theatre

By Hermon Ould

ACTIVITY in the Berlin Theatre has suffered no abatement on account of the war which is now in progress. It is conceivable that at the present moment no arrangements are being made to produce foreign plays, but I don't suppose that if arrangements had been made before the Ruhr action they would have been cancelled. English work is certainly experiencing no boycott. Somerset Maughan's *The Circle* is being given at Reinhardt's Kammerspiele; and as Berlin without Shakespeare is almost as unthinkable as the West End of London with, it is not surprising to find *The Winter's Tale* at the Volksbuhne, and at the Central-Theater, *Othello*; moreover, I see an announcement that at the Komische Oper " Mr. Alfred Jackson, from the Alhambra Theatre, London, will appear with English girls."

Nevertheless, even a dramatic critic who is determined to keep out of politics is forced to face the fact that a state of war exists—if " war " is not too dignified a word to apply to a conflict in which one side is armed and aggressive and the other side weaponless and passive. At the State Theatre last week a new production of *Wilhelm Tell* was given under the direction of Leopold Jessner, with scenery by Emil Pirchan. It was a great occasion. The President Ebert and the Chancellor Cuno were present; the proceeds of the performance were to be given in aid of the victims of the Ruhr action. The famous lines

> **Wir wollen sein ein einzig Volk von Brüdern,**
> **In keiner Not uns trennen und Gefahr!**
> **Wir wollen frei sein, wie die Väter waren,**
> **Eher den Tod, als in der Knechtschaft leben!** *

were the signal for a young man to spring to his feet and make a speech. This was followed by the whole audience rising and singing " Deutschland über Alles." A children's concert which I heard at the Charlottenburg Opera

* Let us, one nation, form one brotherhood
In solidarity through storm or stress,
Regain the freedom our forefathers cherished,
Or welcome death, if life be servitude!

House was the occasion of a similar demonstration. I had never before heard a German audience sing " Deutschland über Alles," and its unwarlike, almost sentimental character came to me as a surprise. Except that the tune is so much finer, it might have been a German " Home, Sweet Home." The effect which it had upon many of those present was also comparable to the effect produced by our own homely ditty—the old lady standing next to me blubbered uncontrollably and unashamedly wiped her eyes!

Forgetting in an unguarded moment that the unadulterated art of the theatre ought to be my only concern, I also paid a visit to the Circus Busch, a huge building in which some thousands of the Berlin population, chiefly the working classes and lower middle classes, are nightly enthralled. We have no institution like it in London now that the pre-war Aquarium has given way to the Wesleyan cathedral. After an hour with clowns, bespangled acrobats, and incredible feats of horsemanship, there came the *pièce de résistance*, " a great sensational circus-drama," in eight full-blooded acts, entitled *Der Fremdenlegionär*. Here, again, no anti-French demonstration was inherent in the performance, but a great deal of the action of the play was laid in French Africa, and among the crowd of quite amiable French soldiers was one brute who inevitably, in the minds of an unsophisticated audience, became the typical Frenchman—especially as he came in conflict with an unoffending, noble-hearted German, whose self-sacrificing bravery brought him up against the French authorities. It was the sort of melodrama with which one was as a child perfectly familiar, only made significant by the tenseness of the political situation. When the noble-hearted German youngster faced death at the hands of the French, and died uttering the words " Deutschland, Deutschland, mein liebes Heimatland! " declaimed with the full-throated fervour of the traditional barn-stormer, it was only natural that a demonstration should follow. The orchestra played " Deutschland über Alles "; the whole concourse of some thousands of people were thrilled and applauded with unrestrained enthusiasm. It was one of the not-unexpected phenomena of the Great War that it united nearly all classes of society and nearly all political

parties. The action of the French in entering the Ruhr has had precisely the same effect upon Germany. To-day Germany appears to be united as never before, welded together in passive resistance against a menace which affects the whole nation. It would seem that if the object of the French is to dismember Germany, they could not have taken a step less likely to achieve their aim.

Leaving the subject of the invasion from the west, let us turn to the invasion from the east. Berlin is teeming with refugees from Russia, as a consequence of which there are Berlin editions of Russian newspapers, Russian bookshops, a Russian theatre, and a Russian cabaret. The last-named has attracted a good deal of attention outside Berlin, and the company has just returned from a visit to Prague. It is called Der Blaue Vogel and is virtually another Chauve Souris. Some of the items of the programme are actually identical with those given by the Chauve Souris in London—the Toy Soldiers, for example. It is true of the Blaue Vogel as of the Chauve Souris that it is best when it is most characteristically Russian. The sickly sentimentalism of an excerpt from Tschaikovsky's *Pique Dame* surpassed anything I have ever seen or heard in London, and even the famous Volga boat-song, although extremely effective as a stage-picture, only just escaped cheapness. The personality which emerges most promisingly from the group is that of P. Tschelischtscheff, who designed scenes and costumes for the two most interesting items, *Der Werbung* (*The Suitors*) and *Die Drei Trommler* (*The Three Drummers*). These had a dash and vigour which were typically Russian, and, while exploiting a technique which is ultra-modern, retained the freshness of the characteristic peasant art of feudal Russia.

The same artist is working with M. Boris Romanoff, who has been giving a season of ballet at the Russisches Romantisches Theater in Berlin. The illustrations in this number of THEATRE-CRAFT will give some idea of M. Tschelischtscheff's work, but deprived of its clean, pure colour it loses much of its characteristic appeal. This company, largely recruited from the old Imperial Ballet at Petrograd, is now about to fulfil an engagement in Holland, after which it hopes to make for London.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Air Policy (ii)

By Captain Wedgwood Benn, D.F.C., D.S.O., M.P.

Civilian.

But there is a wide range of improvement not yet touched. There are many directions in which civilian flying, even if there were never another war upon earth, would be compelled to develop. Such are, for example, air law, air medical services, wireless and other means of signalling, landing and ground equipment, including aerodromes, mapping, meteorology, navigation, and, of course, the whole field of material and design. Under this heading come the use of airships, the development of engines, the perfecting of fuel, and the fearless exploration of every new type of creation, such as helicopters, motorless machines, and the rest.

Let us examine this a little more closely.

Mapping.—The Middle East Air Force completed in 1921 an aerial survey of the Nile Valley from the Delta barrage to Assuan. The Dominion of Canada has had in operation this year civil aerial survey expeditions. British Guiana has tried something of the same kind. Aerial photographs of seaside resorts are considerably used for advertising purposes. The aerial map has been used as evidence in Parliamentary inquiries. For example, when Edinburgh was striving to show that Leith was really a part of the city and should be amalgamated, aerial maps produced a great effect. The preliminary survey for new roads, or the approach to possible harbours, the location of hidden reefs, or high and low water lines fall under this head. Here, then, is one great field of necessary development in flying which has no essential connection with war at all.

Or take navigation. Fog is the chief difficulty. It is only the experience of pilots flying daily over the same

ground (*i.e.*, civilians) which can build up the confidence required to rely upon flying by instrument, and this type of blind flying is the foundation of all true navigation. Landing in fog is the worst part of the problem. Some instrument to indicate height above the actual ground, and not merely barometric height, is required, and another instrument, if such could be devised, which would indicate speed over the ground. A light that would pierce the fog is also needed. These are, primarily, commercial problems.

When we come to fuel and engines it is seen more clearly still how deeply civilian aviation is involved. Engines are an example, and their relative weight and horse-power. The 2 lb. per horse-power, which was an earlier figure, has been reduced in some cases by a half. There are the questions of reliability, safety from fire, power of running for many hours without being taken down, simplicity, and accessibility. And there is the possibility of inventing a turbine internal combustion engine which might represent a corresponding improvement in power for weight to that which the steam turbine gave over the reciprocating steam engine. These are commercial conundrums. The production of a noiseless engine is perhaps rather a military ideal, for it would make its pilot victor of the skies by giving him two senses to work with where now he has but one. Fuel is another problem of the same kind. A correspondent writing to *The Times* suggested the substitution of gun cotton for petrol, and pointed out that it would represent no such advance in principle as did the transition from steam to petrol. The machine gun, as he said, is in effect a high-explosive motor, and he thought might prove the genesis of an aero power unit. The use of helium may revolutionise the value of airships. Heavy oils may supplant petrol. M. Breguet has spoken of a reduction in cost of no less than four-fifths.

Improvement in the designs of the machines themselves is the greatest and most attractive field of enquiry. What of the helicopter? In June last the *Morning Post* stated that the Brennan helicopter had fulfilled the Air Ministry's requirements, which were to: (1) rise to a height of 2,000 feet under its own power, carrying a pilot and sufficient fuel for one hour's flight; (2) hover stationary for half

an hour in a wind of 20 miles an hour; (3) descend in a wind of 20 miles an hour with the engine cut out, without horizontal motion; (4) fly horizontally at a speed of 60 miles an hour.

No doubt this invention is still in its infancy, but there is no question that, of the dozen pioneers who are at work on this problem in various countries, some will lay the foundations of a type capable of rising vertically and flying horizontally, which would abolish aerodromes. Already a pilot has landed in a Paris street.

Then there is the problem of the pilotless machine; the problem of the machine with a low or no horse-power at all—in short, the glider, types of which have already remained in the air for three or more hours; and the problem of the big machine, of which we have heard a great deal and are beginning to see something. An Italian firm, the Pegna Bonmartini Cerroni Co., is reported to have undertaken to construct a machine driven by sixteen 300 horse-power Fiat motors, in which craft 100 passengers could fly round the world. Dr. Pullin, the Director of Radiographical Research at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, has spoken of the value of X-rays as a method of inspecting aircraft material, so that other sciences are ready to act as the handmaid of design.

Some may say that all this is purely speculative, and think, as apparently Sir Hugh Trenchard does, that we would do better to devote our time and money to the construction of more military units of the existing type. But the records of aerial progress show that there is nothing visionary in the hope of great advance. In six years alone —and I am speaking of the pre-war period—the height record was increased from the 82 feet of Wilbur Wright's ascent in 1908 to the 25,000 feet in 1914. And since then, of course, this record has been heartily beaten.

So far we have seen that advance is as useful and necessary, except in certain important but specialised material, to commercial aviation as to the Air Ministry. It might be thought that if civil flying is developed, therefore we shall naturally create a fleet which, on occasion, can immediately be turned to war use. Is this so?

There are two views of the commercial machine. The first is that it can for war purposes be treated as a serious factor. In the Versailles Treaty limits were set on the air

production of Germany to prevent her from again becoming powerful in air warfare. At the Washington Conference, when the question of the limitation of air power was considered, it was believed to be impossible to prevent competition in military aviation if scope were given to civil development. The Civil Aerial Transport Committee in 1918 spoke of the importance of the rapid convertibility of commercial machines to war uses. Experience, however, has not supported this opinion. The tendency, it is said, is for civil craft to develop in a distinct way. Mr. Holt Thomas pointed out in an article in *The Nineteenth Century* what the coming of the "business" aeroplane really means. Before its advent four passengers were carried for 350 horse-power, but "business" machines carried ten passengers at the same speed with the same power. Lord Weir, in a speech at the Aero Club, emphasised the same point, and said that the successful commercial aeroplane of the future would be as useful for bomb-dropping and offensive purposes as the *Mauretania* would have been at the Battle of Jutland. There is no contending against such authorities. But do their objections really go to the root of the matter? Must we believe that commercial flying is no basis for air power? It may be quite true to say that war requires a specialised machine. What the type will be no one can say yet. But research to improve both the type of machine and the method of its use is chiefly to be looked for in civil flying concerns. They need the improvements, and, if they are to succeed, must make them. We have yet to conquer the element, and for this purpose the daily experience of civilian pilots must be of far greater value than the limited number of flying hours of the military.

And there is the vital question of output—the capacity to produce both engines and aeroplanes in large quantities. No industry can really be deep-rooted which depends on orders for machines more or less obsolescent, paid for by money voted by Parliament.

In short, the race must be taught to fly, and a demand must be created for flying machines as a normal part of ordinary life. The imagination must be quickened.

Some people are under the impression that civilian aviation begins and ends with the London-Paris air route. In point of fact there is hardly any human endeavour in

which in some part of the world flying has not already taken its part. The Press use the air. It has been used by surgeons as an ambulance. Airmen have been used as firemen. The Derby traffic has been controlled from the air. The most effective advertisement of our times is air sky writing. Airships have been used even for broadcasting music. Deeds of public utility, such as the destruction of insects, locating of fish, the bombing of ice-floes, the provisioning of an ice-bound ship, have all been accomplished by the flier. Perishable goods, such as cut flowers, are delivered by air, and explorers project visits both to the North and South Poles by the same means.

We must get the nation into the frame of mind referred to by Lord Gorell when he told the story of one passenger in the London-Paris machine who handed sixpence to the pilot, and another lady who, descending from an aeroplane, turned to the pilot and said: "Wait, please."

Such considerations should encourage an Air Minister to take the long view. No doubt State nursing is required. And what is the wisest way to give it? If we believe that a great war cannot come for many years, we are still more encouraged to lay the foundations broadly so that the edifice may be high.

As regards our present war needs, money required should be secured by the substitution of Air Force for Naval and Military Force. The Geddes Committee recommended this, and in the concession made to the demands for more squadrons for home defence this plan was definitely adopted. But this is only for to-day. We have to think of to-morrow and years ahead. We have to secure a reserve of men and material, or rather a potential output of both. For these purposes we are forced to look to civil aviation. How is that to be rooted deep, so that it will grow? The first answer is that whatever conditions of weather we may suffer in our own country, the Empire as a whole provides the finest flying ground that could be conceived. The tender growth of Imperial relations demands more rapid transmission not only of messages, but also of persons and things. In the development of Imperial air routes the Dominions, Colonies, Air Ministry, and civil transport companies must all co-operate. It is not a question of finding subsidies to redress unsound balance sheets:

every effort and encouragement must be offered to give a natural root to the flying industry. Subsidies are now, in fact, granted. In 1919 there was none, nor in 1920. In 1921, however, a cash subsidy of £81,000 was provided for the two air lines to Paris, and money was granted in 1922 to the extent of £200,000. The half-yearly report from the Directorate of Civil Aviation says:

"It is not as yet possible to say whether the increase during 1922 will progress with sufficient rapidity, but the figures for the first quarter of the year are at least encouraging. During these three months, 981 passengers were carried between Great Britain and the Continent—676 by the British firms. The corresponding figures for 1921 were 670 passengers, 240 of whom were carried in British aircraft; while for 1920 the figures were 333 and 285 respectively.

"During the six months under review (September, 1921, to March, 1922) the value of the goods imported and exported by air, amounting to £132,774 and £92,583 respectively, shows a decrease on the figures for the corresponding period 1920-21. Since the beginning of 1922, however, there has been a steady improvement."

The most recent report giving the mileage flown shows a marked increase, rising to a million miles and twelve thousand passengers for the whole year.

This is encouraging so far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough, especially in view of the progress which is being made in France.

The French subsidies were: for 1919, 1,640,267 francs; 1920, 8,000,000 francs; 1921, 31,700,0000 francs; 1922, provisionally 41,382,000 francs.

The figures already given show the immense potential output of the French factories, namely, nearly 4,000 machines per year. This gives cause for serious thought.

On the facts the conclusions must be summarised as follows:—First, that as a military arm the air must be kept under one control. Secondly, that of the limited sum which we can afford to devote to national defence, a division must be made which takes more fully into account the growing power of the air, even if this involves reduction in expenditure on the older Services. Such a plan would, of course, involve the co-ordination of all three Services in some more effective way than exists at present. Then we must recognise the enormous value of research and experiment in developing air power, and, lastly, aim at a policy which, taking a very long view, will, by building up the industry and creating a demand for its products, secure for the British Empire the hegemony of the flying world.

Europe's Road to Peace

By Theodore Stanfield

In one of Walter H. Page's letters, written in the spring of 1917, he remarked that " If we do not organise Europe and make another such catastrophe impossible, life will not be worth being born into except to the few whose days happen to fall between recurring devastations of the world." Although there are signs that Europeans sense this and its consequences, their tradition and training seem to keep them from seeing that enduring peace is inconsistent with their system of the balance of power. They cannot see, because the system is ingrained and hates and prejudices cloud the vision. They perceive as the only alternative to the balance of power system, military domination of their Continent by one or more Powers. This form of slavery they have experienced, and naturally abhor. While the majority of Europeans recognise that the best system devised by man for the maintenance of peace, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is the reign of law, and the enlightened nations of Europe have for themselves adopted this system, the Continent of Europe as a whole is lawless. The demonstration by Switzerland and the United States of America that different races can coexist under one law without the destruction of their personal freedom, and that such races can co-operate successfully in the organisation of liberty, Europe ascribes to circumstances peculiar to those two countries, not to the inherent power of the principles of justice, equity, and liberty established by law. In Europe brute force reigns supreme, but in our day modern scientific, ever-increasingly destructive warfare has brought Europe to the parting of the ways. The patching of wounds, the hobbling along through war and more war reveals no hope of either sanity or life. If Europe clings to its war-breeding balance of power system, the end can be but ruin. However, if she discards this system of sheer brute force and establishes justice and

liberty under law, if she courageously takes the road to peace, there is still hope. If she does not, her children are born but to be murdered, her wealth produced but to be destroyed by the engines of war. Just now the peoples of Europe are war weary. They aspire to peace. They have rid themselves of oppression by military dynasties—the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, and the Romanoffs. They rejoice in their defeat of their imperialistic military ambitions. They have tasted of liberty under democratic forms of government. They realise that the old political systems are in the melting-pot. They want peace. In this there is a hope.

Unhappy Europe is still squandering the productive energies of millions of men and vast sums of money on land and naval armaments.

Little wonder that Europe remains in a condition of economic and financial paralysis and of political chaos. It is these conditions that drive Europe to grope, albeit blindly, for lasting peace.

As Immanuel Kant has pointed out:

> "A state of peace among men who live side by side is not the natural state (*status naturalis*), which is rather to be described as a state of war; that is to say, although there is not perhaps always actual open hostility, yet there is a constant threatening that an outbreak may occur. Thus the state of peace must be *established*."

The road to established peace has not been closed, and in this not only the peoples of Europe, as a whole, but also their European and American creditors, are vitally interested. The largest of these creditors are France, Great Britain, the United States, Belgium, and Italy. France, to whom Germany owes reparations; Great Britain, to whom the Continental nations owe about nine billion dollars; the United States, to whom they owe nearly seven billion dollars; and Belgium and Italy, to whom reparations are due; all these have the common interest to create the sole condition that will make payment within this century possible and of lasting value, namely, a peace based upon law and freely adopted and mutually executed —a sound, a lasting peace.

Even if, by miracle, all the debtors would pay their debts now, or if, because of expediency or sentiment, all the creditors would cancel the debts now, no real peace

would thereby be established. The old war-breeding system of the balance of power would survive, and thus Europe's wealth and man power would remain doomed to destruction by war. Of course, the balance of power system may again be suspended while one or more nations overrun, overawe, and temporarily whip Europe into a *Pax Romana.* This, as history teaches, surely leads to the decline and fall of such dominating Power and a return to the balance of power system, and thus to war and more war. In point of fact, the cancellation of the debts would but hasten the outbreak of the next world war, which Europe's fatal system must inexorably produce. Upon the establishment of peace, rooted in justice, which would enable Europeans to devote their energy, their skill, and their lives to production instead of destruction, it seems reasonable to expect that starvation, pestilence, and misery would disappear, that new hope would spring up in European hearts, and that debts and reparations could and would be paid more easily and cheerfully than now seems possible.

The strategy of the moment, therefore, would appear to be to cease discussion about the payment or nonpayment of reparations and debts, and to convene representatives of all the peoples concerned, to the end that they may agree upon those fundamental general laws to govern Europe which will ensure lasting peace on that Continent, and establish the machinery to execute those laws in the protection of the Continent of Europe as a whole against interior and exterior aggression. Only by a conference can the attention of Europeans be focussed upon their fundamental problem. For a conference sets all men thinking. It is a conference out of which any new direction to European thought can arise. Even should no constructive steps be immediately taken, there would be engendered new hopes and aspirations sure to bear fruit in the future. If Europe should make a fresh start, make a sincere, real step in the direction of permanent peace, then its financial credit would at once improve, and the old adage of " help yourself and Heaven help you " would come into operation. The word conference has an unfortunate connotation. The patchwork of London, Paris, Genoa, The Hague, and Lausanne is suggested. But the time, in my opinion, has come for

a conference dealing constructively with the root of Europe's troubles.

The agenda for such a conference might well be limited to the main question: What Can Be Done to Make Possible a Lasting European Peace? All matters extraneous to this question must be excluded, for, if not, the conference may easily degenerate into a wrangle in which the animosities, prejudices, and hates of the European nations will be aired to no purpose. Any member of the conference who has no constructive suggestions to offer, no thought to contribute to the discussion of this particular question, had best be silent. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the essential purpose of the conference, to find and establish the principles of justice essential to any peaceful society of European States.

Should no European nation have the immediate constructive formula to offer, and America be asked for a recommendation, she might suggest that Europe endeavour to formulate, to adopt, and to put into practice on the European Continent a code of law in the interest of peace; that Europe establish a Court of Justice to interpret and administer this code of laws, and that Europe create a Continental army and navy, made up of contingents from each European country, to act as a police force. Such a police force would serve to bring offenders against European peace before the Court of Justice, to execute the judgments of the Court, and to protect peaceful European nations against aggression.

Of fundamental importance is the establishment of the supremacy of law in contradistinction to the supremacy of the arbitrary will of Great Powers or the will of great or small men who represent them. It is necessary to recall that in the League of Nations the power, as Woodrow Wilson himself said, is vested in the Supreme Council. This Council is composed of nine men who decree their own free will, or that of the nations they represent. That is a government of men, not of law, and breeds war, not peace. To establish and preserve peace, the necessary power must be vested in a code of laws. In the last analysis public opinion would make the laws; it would even, whenever it found it necessary, change the laws in the lawful manner which any well-devised legal system must provide.

The suggested police force would execute not the arbitrary edicts of men or nations, but the law as interpreted by the Court. In the course of time public conscience and public opinion might well become so active and powerful as to make possible the discharge of the police force.

It does not seem unreasonable to picture a conference of European countries, discovering their common interests, ideas, and necessities, finding those principles of justice which the major portion of the human beings in Europe must observe, individually and collectively, if its different races, creeds, and nations are to live in peace with each other. It ought not to require America's voice to bring to Europeans the realisation that their adherence to the unrestrained and unlimited sovereignty of each of the many States of Europe is undesirable and unnecessary. Manifestly, it has caused the international anarchy of Europe and has left Europe at the mercy of brute force. Laws governing the men and nations of Europe, in their international relations, are necessary. There is a realm of behaviour outside of internal affairs to which European States must turn their earnest attention. The sovereign States of Europe can delegate portions of their sovereignty in terms of general law wherever such delegation of sovereignty can be seen to prevent the injustices of war. This would entail no sacrifice. On the contrary, it would mean an achievement. Enlightened self-interest demands it. The proposed conference would be a quasi-legislative body. The laws, adopted by the conference and ratified by the peoples concerned, might well state the bases of so-called just and unjust wars. For the conflict of laws, situations demanding the interpretation of a law, decisions would of course be left to the Court of Justice. By such a conference Europe could organise machinery for preventing war, and thus for preserving peace.

If by such a conference, periodically convened, Europe can see laws developing to the advantage of all the States, and these laws are impartially applied and inexorably enforced, radical reductions of armaments would be a logical consequence. The production and distribution of wealth could then proceed unhampered by the burden of crushing taxes. Then, and not until then, will Europe's skill and energy be free to create European prosperity and to raise

the standard of living of the masses of its peoples. Then, and not until then, will European States be comfortably able to pay their debts and to advance the common weal of Europe and of the rest of the world.

France, the British Commonwealth, the United States, the three largest creditors of Europe and the three most powerful nations of the world, now have the opportunity of saying to Europe in general: "We realise that you cannot pay your debts at present; we are not militaristic, politically or commercially; we are out to achieve European and thus world peace. Let us all put aside temporary political, economic, and financial questions and convene to discuss and to deliberate upon such a change in the European system that peace between European States may be achieved." If the Great Powers of Europe are willing in order to establish a sound and stable peace to forgo their present dominance of brute force and to take a position of legal equality with the smaller Powers of Europe under law mutually enforced, this plan can be put into practice. However, if the Great Powers prefer to retain their present domineering position in a system of European inter-State anarchy, they will not seriously entertain the proposition. As long as America holds to law as the safeguard of liberty, justice, and happiness, and Europe clings to international anarchy and brute force, America cannot enmesh herself with Europe. Once Europe has substituted right for might as its governing principle, America can, and no doubt will, join with Europe in extending the reign of right over all the continents. Step by step the ultimate goal of a world governed by justice, enforced solely by an enlightened, active public opinion and world conscience, will thus be approached. While, theoretically, the use of force, even by a police army and navy of Europe, is wrong, and men and nations ought to be governed by reason and right, practically the ultimate goal can only be approached step by step. At present neither men nor nations can dispense with policemen. The great point is that such force must serve the majesty of the law, and not the greed, the lust for power, and the passions of men and nations.

America cannot enter upon the present morass of European politics. It would not if it could. It cannot and will not entangle itself in European alliances. It ought not.

But America might well aid in the attempt to disentangle Europe from her war-breeding balance of power system. America would welcome such an opportunity, for if Europe remains under this system, America realises that she will be seriously affected by it again, as she has just been by the recent European War. Furthermore, only a slight knowledge of history is necessary for one to realise that America, now the ascendant nation of the world, will sooner or later have to protect herself against those attacks which, under the balance of power system, have always been made against the most powerful and the richest nations. Thus, in self-protection, as well as for humanitarian reasons, America cannot hold aloof. It means simply avoiding entanglements, that America must for Europe's benefit, for her own benefit, for the world's benefit, help Europe to discard the balance of power system. World peace is henceforth, more than ever before, humanity's vital interest. Science has knit all the continents into one interdependent community of interests. Space and distance have been annihilated. America longs to help Europe to establish an enduring peace under law and justice.

Cecil Rhodes once said that men must learn to " think in continents." Instead of continuing to think only in terms of their particular nation, race, and creed, Europeans would do well to begin to think in terms of the Continent of Europe and of the other continents of our earth. The suggested conference might lead Europeans to begin to do so.

The balance of power system in the old sense can no longer serve Europe. It never had any standing in international law; indeed, it has usually been made use of in violation of international law. It has been a principle of political practice, and as such it has served many an evil purpose and engendered many a war. If it served any good purpose in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it has lost it in the twentieth century. It is now a threat to the peace of the world. The only balance of power worthy the name must be a balance of power under law. Heretofore, it has assumed an unchanging equilibrium; a self-evident absurdity. Sometimes Germany, sometimes France, sometimes Russia, sometimes some other State has arisen to unbalance the equilibrium of poised force. Until the World War far-sighted England has chosen to wait

until the exigency arose before deciding upon which side to throw her power. But law can be changed to meet the requirements of the principles of justice as applied to changing human affairs. The basic, fundamental principles of justice are more enduring than any practices of mere expediency. Under the balance of power system change in conditions almost invariably requires war to readjust the balance. A law system can be modified to meet changing conditions, in a sane and orderly manner without bloodshed, devastation, and general human misery.

Just two things can unite the peoples of Europe: a great common danger, or a great common adventure. This article proposes the common adventure of substituting freely adopted and collectively maintained law in the place of inter-State anarchy and brute force. If Europe fails to undertake the great common adventure, it will remain discordant until the great common danger appears again. Perils—yellow perils, brown perils, red perils, black perils—can only unite Europe for the time during which the peril exists. As long as Germany and her allies imperilled the freedom of the other States, the States became comrades in arms. As soon as the danger ceased, the former allies relapsed into traditional mutual hates and quarrels, preparing the while for the next war. Europe is now in the "Critical Period." What more promising common adventure could Europe undertake than to cast off from its centuries of inter-State anarchy and embark upon the chartered sea of inter-State law? If the peoples of Europe would earnestly pursue such an adventure, success is a foregone conclusion. It is Europe's one way to lift herself out of the rut of war on to the road of peace. Such a consummation can be achieved only by a conference of all the nations concerned. That is the great opportunity.

As soon as Europe starts out on the road to peace under mutually accepted law, a spiritual reconstruction will follow as the day the night, and her economic, financial, and social ills will tend to cure themselves. Instead of sinking into Dark Ages, Europe will blossom into another Renaissance more promising than that of four centuries ago.

Our Slaughter-houses

By the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon

PUBLIC opinion is becoming more and more acutely aroused to a comprehension of the appalling state of most of our slaughter-houses. Realisation is dawning of the fact that health and hygiene cannot be maintained by a people who allow their principal article of diet to be treated cruelly whilst alive—thus producing pain-poisoned meat—and dirtily in the after-processes and methods of conveying, thus increasing all the ills attendant upon unclean treatment of food.

Last July I had my first experience of the interior of a slaughter-house. My friend Miss Lind-af-Hageby and I went to see London's largest slaughter-house at Islington, which is under the direction of the Corporation of the City of London. We were having a meeting a few days later to advocate humane killing of all animals slaughtered for food, and wished to be certain of making up-to-date statements.

We experienced a certain amount of difficulty in being admitted—so different to the treatment accorded visitors to the public abattoirs of Berne, Basle, Stockholm, and other cities abroad where the slaughter-house system is well managed, with inspection both with regard to the humane treatment of animals and the cleanly after-treatment of the meat. Eventually, through the courtesy of the Superintendent, who made it quite plain it *was* an act of courtesy on his part and not our right as citizens, we were shown in. We asked to see the animals being pole-axed, but to our surprise none were being killed by that method. Only the Jewish method was being employed. We have since been informed that 75 per cent. of all cattle killed at Islington are killed by the Jewish method. We were then taken to a most horrible scene.

Picture a three-walled booth with door at the back for the entry of the animals, the floor covered with blood, the

carcases of the freshly slain hanging up, and, horror of horrors, a living creature waiting its doom amid all the carnage. I said to the Superintendent, "Is it possible that you have a living animal among all this?" "Oh," he replied, "its head is turned the other way." But it had had to be brought in facing all the blood and carcases, and blood was all around.

We then saw the whole Jewish procedure. The poor creature, which was standing tied to the wall, had chains fastened round its legs. The chains were worked by a lever which jerked the bullock off its feet, and it fell violently on to the hard cement floor. The head was then forced back into a very strained position by means of a lever and bar placed in the mouth. When this had been done the Jewish slaughterman (*Shochet*) was called. He came and with a very sharp knife cut across the throat. The head was then released and the animal, fully conscious because the spinal cord was uninjured, slowly bled to death.

The *Shochet* came to me and took much trouble to explain that since the knife was so sharp there could be no pain. He had cut his finger with it one day, it seemed, and it had not hurt him. I was struck by the childish comparison. For how could there be similarity between a slight cut on one's finger and cutting all the sensitive nerves, arteries, blood-vessels, etc., in the neck? If the sharpness of a knife really obliterated pain, where would be the necessity for anæsthesia in a surgical operation?

We saw four bullocks slowly ebb their life out in this way. It was a piteous sight, for they palpably made conscious efforts trying to rise, and one poor beast lay moaning. It is quite false to say, as Jews have said to me, that the movements are only reflex. For I have seen many animals stunned with the humane killer and pole-axed, and in each case the movements were quite different. British butchers have told me that they consider the Jewish method so cruel that whenever possible they sever the spinal cord when the *Shochet* has finished and gone to wash his knife. One butcher said he pole-axed a bull as it lay on the floor, so greatly was he touched by its agony.

The question of the permissibility of allowing the Jewish method has become acute, because we have now for

some time had the Ministry of Health Bye-law 9B—which makes humane killing with a mechanical instrument compulsory—operating successfully in many localities, and the question of making this Bye-law universally enforced will, we hope, soon engage the attention of Parliament. At the present time Jews are exempted from the obligation to use the humane killer in the localities * which have adopted Clause 9B of the Ministry of Health Bye-laws. If, as we hope, a legal measure will shortly be passed making the use of the humane killer obligatory throughout the country, complete exemption for the Jews would make the Act farcical. Switzerland and Finland have had the courage to pass laws forbidding the Jewish method altogether on account of its cruelty. It was also condemned in the Report of the Committee appointed by the Admiralty to consider the humane slaughter of animals (issued in 1904) in the following words:—

"After the most careful consideration, however, and after receiving the report of two such eminent physiologists as Sir Michael Foster and Professor Starling (see Appendix J), the Committee have been forced to the following conclusions:—

"(*a*) That the Jewish system fails in the primary requirement of rapidity, freedom from unnecessary pain, and instantaneous loss of sensibility, and that it compares very unfavourably with the methods of stunning recommended by the Committee in Paragraph 10.

"(*b*) That the preliminary operations of casting, and of forcing the animal's head into position for the cut, are difficult, painful, and objectionable from a humanitarian standpoint.

"(*c*) That the subsequent operation of cutting the throat is, at best, an uncertain method of producing an immediate loss of sensibility, and frequently causes great and unduly prolonged suffering to the animal.

"(*d*) That until some method is devised and adopted for rendering the animal unconscious, previous to the casting and throat-cutting operations, the Jewish system of slaughtering cattle should not be per-

* Such as Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Brighton, Winchester, etc.

mitted in any establishment under Government control."

It is outside all reason that any class, section, or sect living under the laws of Great Britain should claim distinctive slaughter rights or rites. Cruel practices in India are not, I understand, exempted from the law on the plea of religious observances. Cruelty to animals cannot possibly form part of any religious observance divinely inspired and rightly interpreted. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the Jewish method of slow death by bleeding is a most prevalent custom maintained by all primitive Eastern races. Pierre Loti exemplifies this in his book, *In Morocco*, where one may find a description of the desire to placate elementary deities and important functionaries on all momentous occasions by letting the life-stream of some animal slowly ebb away.

Moreover, this question of the Jewish method can, under no circumstances, be held to be a matter which concerns Jews only. For, over and above the humanitarian question of allowing cruelty by law, there is the general responsibility of the British public. *The Jews, it should be noted, actually eat but a small portion of the meat derived from animals killed by their method.* The rest is consumed by Christians. A number of animals are often killed by their method and the meat not considered good enough for acceptance by the Jewish official who examines it. The rejected meat is not labelled "kosher," but is sold as ordinary meat in ordinary butchers' shops. Moreover, when the carcase of a Jewish-slaughtered animal is found acceptable by the Jewish inspector, only certain parts of the carcase are sold to, and eaten by, Jews. Therefore, the matter concerns all who purchase and eat meat. People who view the Jewish method with abhorrence, and who consider that the cruelty of the method employed renders the meat unfit for consumption, are now forced, unwittingly, to buy meat derived from animals killed in this manner.

When the long-delayed law to make humane killing compulsory is finally passed, if we do not forbid the Jewish method altogether, as have courageous Switzerland and Finland, the following is the very minimum reform on which we should insist without further delay:—

(1) The present method of casting the animal and forcing the head should be prohibited. A humane apparatus in the form of a pen or sling should be substituted.

(2) The spinal cord should be severed at the same time as the throat is cut, or a guillotine should be employed, by means of which a mechanically operated knife would cut the throat, ensuring the fullest flow of blood. Directed upwards, the knife could completely sever the head from the body. The principal Jewish objection to the eating of meat from animals which have been stunned before being bled is the erroneous assumption that the blood coagulates by the process of stunning. The method here suggested cannot be opposed on the ground of an impeded flow of blood. There is nothing in the most travestied interpretation of Divine commandment which can be used as valid argument against this reform.

(3) Jewish slaughtering should be restricted to special slaughter-houses, and placed under special inspection.

(4) The Jewish authorities (Board of Shechita) should be required to return the total number of animals slaughtered by the Jewish method to Parliament. Such returns would eventually make possible the limitation of Jewish killing to the actual consumption by Jews of meat killed by their method.

(5) All Jewish-killed meat—as distinguished from "kosher" meat—should be stamped as such and sold in special establishments. The sale thereof in ordinary butchers' shops should be prohibited.

One more word of my experiences at Islington. A horse I saw killed there was efficiently and painlessly shot with the humane killer (I wonder why at Islington only horses have the privilege of being shot), but it had also to undergo the harassing experience of being brought in to be killed in the same place where hung the reeking carcases of freshly slaughtered horses. So much for the statement recently made by an official of one of the meat trade societies to the effect that animals are not killed in front of each other in this country.

April Fool

(Our Amazing Insurance Offer)

As in these days publications live, not on views or news, but on policies, and as the policy of all Governments is to have none while the politics of all peoples is to be politic; and as the insurance shares of most policies do not stand as high as they might or should do and it is our desire to give a timely fillip to all manner of depressions, industrial, speculative, and monetary; and as, moreover, pursuant to the dictates of the age and the manifest wish of the public to be insured and to go on being insured, re-insurance is thus the principal duty of any self-respecting journal; and as, further, the editors of newspapers are the " cabin-boys " —to borrow a legal simile—of insurance agents, themselves now more important than advertisement managers, for the sake of whose health and market we humbly desire to share the benefits; and as, what with cocaine, frauds, murders, robberies, and violence, newspapers in their efforts to keep the public well informed have practically to omit from their pages all Parliamentary reports and all news or views likely to give real information which is not wanted, or constructive intelligence which is not thought desirable, or even the opinions of any individual who is not employed or held to be employable by the directors of the ex-Coalition or of " Smash the Coalition, Ltd."; and as most Industrials are " down " while most now largely speculative gilt-edged securities are " up," to the unmitigated relief of the unemployed, who thus can live on Government money for no services rendered, *pari passu* thus depressing all production to the material advantage of all banks, whose restricted premises have consequently to be enlarged in every corner-site throughout the country; and as it no longer matters what happens, but only what a few men hope will happen when all are insured and every third person in the land meets with an accident, or tries to meet with an accident,

in order to benefit mother, the baby, or Aunt Eliza, when premiums themselves may meet with an accident; and as it is the policy of THE ENGLISH REVIEW to enlarge its sales by offering to insure anyone not yet insured or refused insurance by any newspaper which does not publish a net sales certificate, thereby proving its gross deception of the public, which naturally is far more interested in the profits of Fleet Street than Fleet Street is in the losses of its public in the aforesaid operations; and as, finally, the surest way to titular position and political magnificence lies in possessing a newspaper which insures more people than it advertises for or against, and the editor of this REVIEW now seeks ease and opulence by the acquisition of some titular preferment, we, for the reasons above given, now offer the most sensational insurance policy yet conceived by any newspaper syndicate in the world.

The amazing nature of *our* offer may best be realised by comparative analysis; thus, whereas all other newspapers insure against Death, *we* insure against Life. The competitive newspapers want a man to fall downstairs, or want baby to fall out of the perambulator, or some lady to fall out of window in order that they may have the subtle joy of paying up, but we don't want anyone to fall and hurt themselves at all; on the contrary, our policy is not accidental, it is accidentless; we literally insure everybody who does not get "stung," and for this purpose we have made special arrangements with all the banks and leading brokers to insure against the loss of Reparations.

The beauty of our scheme lies in the supreme benefit it confers upon all who don't have accidents, in the sharpest relief to the "boss" Press, which specialises in fractured ankles, twisted necks, sprains and concussions; in fact, we challenge the Death Press to re-insure our Life policy—if it dares, and to publish net sale certificates of the result. Our scheme benefits all who don't fall downstairs, thus women in particular are affected. For instance, if Mrs. Bodkin pricks her finger while sewing, we don't insure her; we insure all women who do not prick their fingers. If a man breaks a leg while driving at golf, we insure not him but all who that day did not break a leg, and so on *de die in diem*.

It will thus be seen that our scheme is ten thousand

times more beneficial than any other, because all that people have to do to get the insurance is to read this REVIEW, when automatically they are insured against all fallacies, inaccuracies, inexactitudes, and prejudices inherent in a Press insurance policy which wants men and women to fracture or twist some part of their anatomy in order to add to this or that paper's circulation. All forms of sanity, reason, and health entitle the certified to our Free Compensation, and all that a man, single or married, or a woman, single or married, has to do to obtain our *Bonus* is to keep on smiling, so to speak, and keep away from the doctor and other dope. The New Benefit will be extended even to politicians and Cabinet Ministers, provided, of course, they do not qualify for the Death Press policy by falling into their own back areas.

It is therefore no exaggeration to say that we are the Grand Totalisator of all insurance policies, for what is a " skinner " to our rivals is a blessing in disguise to us, and *vice versa* what would smash them on Death makes us on Life. To take an example.

If all London, determined to get the Death premium, broke, injured, or severed a limb, our rival Press would certainly " go up the spout," and even if a fraction of the community injured itself to get the Death *Free Compensation*, Baronial Fleet Street would collapse, but with our policy no one can smash, because by our offer of insuring the public against themselves each and all become cumulatively interested in not cutting off a finger, getting murdered, or breaking a bone, as summarily demanded by our rivals, who, to add to the temptation, now devote the major part of their columns to police court news, injuries, violence, crime, and hatred in their great anxiety to lose as much money as those who re-insure them deem profitable.

As before said, we cannot fail, because we have made special arrangements with the Bank of England for a credit issue to an indefinite extent, and we hope shortly to have as much good " paper " in circulation as there is in Germany, so that all who are out of work, on strike, or want to go out on strike may be comfortably insured at our expense, free from all accident, and we are prepared to extend this offer even to Mesopotamia. As the Death Press policy grows, it is obvious that soon nothing but crime,

violence, accidents, and such like matter will be found in our rivals' columns, since accidents will be the leading feature of most newspapers, and the public naturally will only want to read about the happy folk who have broken some bone or other, thus enabling reputable newspapers to dispense with all matter not relevant to some form of physical injury, which of course in these days of soft soap and soporifics is the main interest of the country.

Our offer stands out unique.

Thus if Baby cuts his or her first teeth without keeping "Father" awake, we insure the family. If, on the other hand, the baby falls ill, we do not insure that particular infant—we insure the others.

If a woman burns her fingers while making jam, we do not insure *her*, we insure the women who make jam without burning their fingers. At the same time we do not pretend to be philanthropic. We want as many readers as we can get, and we want their money. Our policy is therefore extremely simple. *We want the lot.* We want *all* the advertisements. We want all the buyers of newspapers who may think there is something else in life beyond speculating in accidents and hourly hoping to suffer some form of amputation.

Nor are we ourselves insured. This is indeed the unique feature of the benefit. Our policy is health. Our premium is sanity. Our Bonus is bone-setting, not bone-breaking, and as this is our principle so it is our responsibility.

If, in insuring the health of the public, we incontinently enrich ourselves beyond the dreams of avarice, we make no apologies, since one good turn deserves another, in contradistinction to our rivals, whose policies imply a bad turn. We want the public not to fall downstairs. We offer Life, not Death. And only when our circulation reaches ten millions will the office-boy, who is running this policy in his off hours, be satisfied.

For full particulars of rules, benefits, premiums, and bonuses, write to the Manager of England's Health Insurance Policy, Unlimited, at this office.

France's Little War

By Austin Harrison

It is already devastatingly clear that the French policy in the Ruhr has failed, *à peine née*, as a Frenchman who had been out there on the job put it to me. But unfortunately that fact does not settle the problem; it rather complicates it. If the French realise that there is no money in physical force methods and no end to a system of war, which is the negation of all human right and peace, that fact is insufficient to a nation drunk with pride, literally mad with fear of the future, triumphant on a basis of illusion of which France, the great France of her peasantry and civilisation, is still hopelessly, and indeed helplessly, ignorant. That is the supreme difficulty. The war has left the peoples in a state of nerves. Instead of thought, we have labels. We are all labelled, and even in England, where sanity is rapidly returning, men think in terms of superlatives; the "knock-out" mind still haunts and obfuscates intelligence so that we are either pro-French or pro-German, just as in the days of war. We have yet to recover the sense of values. To question France is to be a pro-German. In such conditions progress is held up. We can only drift, sham, equivocate, and the nation is deprived of a policy. Yet negationalism, too, is labelled. In the word "tranquillity" we accept degeneration. This is to-day transparent. We keep an army on the Rhine ringed in and blockaded by our own Allies, surely the most unheroic position a British force ever found itself situated in. We cannot make up our minds whether to withdraw or "Chanak" it out. We have no attitude, no policy. We are occupying a piece of Germany while France "occupies" us. We are the policed policemen on the Rhine, truly a peculiar "watch." The real question is: how has this bathos arisen? Why this ludicrous entanglement with our good Ally? How is it we cannot make peace, cannot even discern the foundations of peace? Nor, until we understand

the diagnosis, are we likely to struggle out of the morass in which Europe as a whole is engulfed. To grasp the cause of the effects now ruining us all, we must go back—back to 1917. In that year, consequent on the entry of America, we decided on the knock-out blow. That was the fatal step. We lost our heads. In the delirium of victory made possible and certain through the enormous augmentation of strength derivable from America, we threw reason to the winds; we would smash, pulverise, obliterate the enemy, and in that frame of mind we won and went to Paris. The poor President of America, very ignorant of Europe and of the men of Europe, found himself like the new boy in a school. We tarred his fine feathers, strapped him to the "George Washington," talked the unfortunate man almost out of his senses, finally sending him back riddled with his own arrows. Such was the psychological fundament of the Versailles peace. We were going to be supreme—for ever; to own the raw materials of the world and all the good places, and Germany was to pay till the "pips squeaked," to cite the big and loose talk which at the time passed for statesmanship.

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It is important to understand what happened. The Germans signed the impossible terms of peace because they still hoped that the conditions of the Armistice under which they laid down their arms would somehow be honoured by the Anglo-Saxon civilisations. The conditions of the Armistice were Wilson's points of justice, entirely different from the actual Peace of Versailles, as anyone can verify who turns them up. Anyhow, the Germans signed. They did so because they were given to understand that the economic clauses were unworkable and that peace must be secured on our side. I know for a fact that the British delegates never contemplated that France would insist upon the letter of her bond, which, of course, merely shows their ignorance of French history and psychology. In my opinion the Germans ought not to have signed a document they knew to be unfulfillable. True, the consequences would have been serious. No doubt the French would have marched into Berlin and encamped under the Linden trees there and the pines of Potsdam, and incidents would have been numerous. But the

Germans as democrats are the flounders of the modern world. They lack the sense of humour, they have no spirit of public individualism. Above all, gesture is not a German virtue. They signed; then, when they saw that the Peace was a reality, they opened the cock of the ship, as they did in the case of their fleet in Scapa Flow, and escaped by the mismanagement of money. The foolish professors of Versailles did not understand the mathematics of the exchange, the Germans did. The trickle began with the loss of world confidence in German credit, assisted by speculation and the necessity on the part of Germany to purchase raw materials. The trickle became an ooze, the ooze a flood. When Reparation payments actually began the flight from the mark was an intelligent financial operation.

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When the French grasped this transvaluation of values they bristled with indignation. Mr. Lloyd George early recanted to the horror of France, who saw in him the arch enemy. And so the tussle went on till the last election, when a policy of "tranquillity" gave the French their opportunity to bring about their own "security." This right they base on Article 18, purposely drawn up so vaguely that no man can understand it. It reads thus: "The measures which the Allied and Associated Powers shall have the right to take, in case of voluntary default by Germany, and which Germany agrees not to regard as acts of war, may include economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals, and in general such other measures as the respective Governments may determine to be necessary in the circumstances." Detached from the whole, this clause looks like a penal right, but to detach these few words from the 90,000 book of words, which constituted the peace, is in itself a monstrosity. The peace was a common right and interest of the victors. German sovereignty was guaranteed under it. To argue that this clause entitles any one of the signatory Powers to commit acts of war against Germany is an insincerity. It is the negation of international law. It means that France arrogates the right to seize property in Germany at will. It means that we fought the war to enable France to continue the war against a Germany disarmed by the world, in violation of our own

Treaty under which the German armies capitulated. In plain words, France's claim reduces the Great War to a hideous mockery. The peace is war. To carry out her own dreams of revenge and military glory, France is to be rewarded with the economic and military ascendancy over Europe, and Germany is to be destroyed.

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At last, the crisis has come. Knowing that America would not send half a nigger to fight for "justice" again in Europe, and that Britain, sloppily and sheepishly trotting by her side, would hardly rise above a pious remonstrance, France, thoroughly enjoying the escapade—it is hardly more—marched into the Ruhr to collect her moneys; and there she has got stuck together with little Belgium, whose geographical patriotism ties her to her big brother, and encouraged by the vivas of Italy under an autocrat who has not read Machiavelli for the simple benefits of castor oil. The question is what next? France is all-powerful, desperate, neo-Napoleonic. She is obsessed with fear of the German revenge. She knows that Reparations from the first was merely political cocaine to win the English 1918 elections; she merely introduced them into the Treaty as the means to legitimise military action; she is hardly thinking of money value from Germany, which she knows to be politicians' folly; her real intention is "security," as drawn up by Marshal Foch, as propounded by every French politician ever since, to-day demonstrated by her physical occupation of the Rhinelands where the centre of German coal and iron strength is situated. Her price is £6,600,000,000—*i.e.*, the London agreement. That sum she knows Germany cannot pay, and so there she is politically. France is the lordly one of the Continent. She hopes and expects to use the power given to her by the world to cripple Germany for ever, and unless something radical happens there France will remain. The notion that this is an industrial magnate's action, a turn of the screw to squeeze money out of the German iron and coal masters, is only camouflage. All told, German wealth secreted abroad cannot exceed £300,000,000 (gold). It would not pay for the French contractors' profits over the rebuilding of the devastated area. If it were merely that bagatelle, the difficulty could be

settled to-morrow. But the real problem is political. It is fear. France knows perfectly well that if Germany is to pay a big indemnity, Germany must be restored, that is, her credit must be made good, she must have an export surplus; she cannot therefore be deprived of her real wealth in raw materials. But such a German recovery would be fatal to French interests. If Germany were allowed to recover she would also recover her fighting sense; the Great War would merely have been another war in the long chain of Franco-German wars, and France, the bourgeois France of modern commercialism, is no believer in idealism, Wilsonism, or any ism but militarism vested in the panache of her own glory.

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France is aware that alone she cannot hold down a country whose population increases proportionately as hers decreases. She realises that at Versailles men wrote only a truce, unless Germany is deprived of her strength. She has no illusions. She hopes this time to obliterate, as Rome obliterated Carthage, otherwise history will repeat itself. And this is the brutal truth of the problem. We go back to 1917. Had we negotiated peace, had we even supported President Wilson in Paris, a just peace would have resulted, and Germany, decently treated and honourably shriven, might have clasped the hand of the conqueror. But France went spoils mad, and so did we. It is the old tale. Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first drive mad. And such is Europe's plight. France claims the war as her war. She sees Europe nationally, solely from the angle of France. She believes in force as the supreme arbitrament. She means to use her power to re-map Europe for her own ends. She intends to remove her historical enemy for good, to despoil and castrate him. She means to build up a new Europe over which she is mistress, so regrouped as to ring in and tie down her ancient foe (1) by expropriating his sources of raw materials, (2) by depriving him of arms and of the right to manufacture arms, (3) by a concatenation of militarised Allies bound for their very existence to fight for her.

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We come thus to Europe, for Europe is the stake, as the Ruhr is the key. As Maurice Schwob has put it in his

pamphlet advocating the internationalisation of the Rhineland, France must *dénoyauter* Germany (draw her core or fangs); it is the French way to obtain security. Thus we are pulled up before a problem which concerns not only the whole map of Europe but the whole structure of law and society upon which civilisation rests. Absolutely and fundamentally it is a European question. It concerns us all. It means simply this. Are we to acquiesce in the triumph of force applied as never before in modern history, or are we to win to a European attitude and to a peace founded upon law and order derived from the will and consciousness of the white, progressive, scientific nations? I have no sort of doubt as to the answer. The economics of French policy are now known even to Pan in the omnibus to be false, as to-day the French are learning by experience. But the real reason is moral. It is Man and his rights, his progress, his very sanity. I take my stand unreservedly on moral grounds.

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Historically, this is what matters. At Versailles, the victor group tied Europe up into a possessing group and a depossessed group, the one armed, the other disarmed, and then in good old pirate fashion proceeded to quarrel over the spoils. France saw an opportunity to eviscerate her age-long foe; we looked—oddly enough through Homeric glasses—to Constantinople, which was not at all what France wanted. Then there was Russia, towards whom we have as yet only attained to a policeman's outlook, and then there was America incontinently pressing the cause of disarmament. To-day, we are faced with the consequences. We nearly had a second Crimean War. The Entente is ruptured. We have sentimentally disarmed though committed to mandates all over the world which we cannot uphold militarily and dare not tax the people to pay for—thus Mesopotamia, Palestine, etc., etc. Europe lies at the mercy of French military missions and, as we saw the other day over Vilna, of the "Ambassadors' Committee." What is this body which disposes of men, nations, and cities over a few cigars? It is the atrophied limb of the Supreme Council, an annexe of the League of Nations. The League assigned Vilna to Lithuania, the Ambassadors have assigned that town to the Poles. Why? Because

the French need a militarist Poland. Because France recently gave Poland a loan for specific war manufactures. Because—*sacré nom de nom!*—M. Poincaré la guerre (as he is called) ordered it.

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Really, it is a fantastic life. The Hun turns green with envy at the spectacle of this French apocalypse astride a shattered world while Britain looks on, biting her thumbs, like Master Teddy in the story-book. Does any man think this is the road to recovery, to prosperity? There is no policy anywhere. Policy is like the exchange—its quotation is psychic. The only power is France, who keeps up a great army on two Budgets, the chief of which is fictitious. All the rest of Europe shivers at the brink of the precipice, economic, social, and political. We talk of trade recovery—it is all illusion; of empire and exhibitions—it is an illusion. If Europe has no purchasing power, the Colonies cannot buy our goods because they will find no buyers. Without a healthy Europe, Britain must decline, as in fact she is steadily and surely, despite the spurious boom arising out of Germany's difficulties and the gibbering *boutades* of politicians. The sheer stupidity of our peace emerges brutally over the facts. Look at them. France owes us money, Italy owes us money, Roumania owes us money, and there is no interest, not a prospect of ever seeing a shilling. Why? Because France has to maintain 800,000 men under arms to hold her conquests. Roumania gaily sports an army almost as large as ours to hold down the Hungarians annexed in Transylvania. Italy has annexed the Tyrol. The Czechs have annexed about five other peoples, and so have the Jugo-Slavs. These new purely military creations—not nations by history, ethnography, religion, speech, or interest—have been created solely to fight for French European supremacy as against Central Europe and the loss of Tsarist Russia, which country, we now know, was the real cause of the Great War. It was Russia who financed Parisian newspapers. It was Russia who mobilised under a secret arrangement with France signifying war, it was Russia who prevented peace negotiations. If any man still hesitates to believe this, let him ask himself this simple question. Why, an France was so innocent in 1914, has

she carved up Europe to establish a French hegemony? The innocent party, having won, would shake hands; would endeavour to seek a working basis of harmony. Not so France. Her aim is power. Her means are force. Her spirit is war, and in this spirit Europe has been regrouped; is now slowly declining and will inevitably in time fight another war of liberation, which will be far more justified than the last one.

* * * * * *

None the less we are progressing, by shock. Germany, diplomatically, has a chance to clear the air, and should proclaim to the world her readiness to pay Reparations at a figure to be fixed by a neutral body under an American chairman. I suppose £2,000,000,000 would be about top-notch—she has already paid over five times as much as France in 1870. The gain to her would be moral. If France refused this sum, she would have to face the moral opinion of the world, which will in any case soon now move with relentless wisdom against her. There can be no more fraudulent documents. France will pave the way back out of the Ruhr with all manner of trapping clauses, such as retirement by stages, etc., the Saar mines as compensation, and the grand bogey scheme of a neutralised Rhineland, or an indefinite Alsace-Lorraine, as naïvely suggested by M. Loucheur and M. Schwob slyly cocking an eye at the poor old " Holy " Alliance resuscitated in a French-controlled League of Nations.

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All this leads nowhere but to chaos, misery, and war; besides it is economically pure, unadulterated nonsense. The man who encourages France to pursue her present course is her bitter enemy; the true friend of France—I count myself such a one: all my life I have loved France, and no man wrote more consistently on her side than I did between the years 1897-1914—will tell her the truth, which is this. The old order of imperial militarism is passing, the old economic order is changing. Old Europe is moribund. What was shot away in the war cannot be reinstated in terms of the old values. The kaleidoscopic map of Europe, as painted at Versailles, cannot endure because it is economically unsound, is politically unjust, is physically ridiculous. The whole question of Reparations is a political mare's-nest,

just as the European debt nightmare is an absurdity. These debts will never be paid. Germany can never pay anything like the sums demanded, and if she is to pay any large sum at all she must be given full opportunity to recover. If France doubts, let her send a few thoughtful enquirers to these islands. Within one year, what a change! Actually, there is to-day a voting majority against the French Ruhr policy. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald dines with the King, Mr. Bottomley is in gaol. England's unemployed are the answer to French militarism, and it is no longer advisable in any public meeting to fly a Jingo kite. The cry is "Clear out." Frightful taxes confront us for decades, and even the clergy solemnly record their allegiance to the cause of Labour. If France persists in her wild policy, we shall drift apart. More, as the economic pressure lowers our standards of life, we shall harden our hearts; we shall move against her; we shall be compelled to make a separate treaty with Germany and, in the end, even challenge France to issue. Mr. Bonar Law, whom all respect for his bluntness and racial sincerity, will find that "tranquillity" is no panacea to an England out of work, dying on the land, unable to trade, held up because of French imperialism, and already his majority is a myth which any month a reunited Liberalism could overthrow, and assuredly will, failing a change of heart and policy, overthrow in the not far future. These are portents written across the unploughed fields of England, burnt into the slums of every city in the land, articulate in the minds of millions of Britons and, I rejoice to see, in the souls of the young men: who mean to create a life that is worth living and fighting for.

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Only when "the avenging poisons shall have ceased to feed disease, and fear, and madness," can we hope to recover, to build anew, to lead Europe upwards on to foundations of peace, and unless we lead our own civilisation will be doomed. A France which refuses Europe the right of recovery, out of fear and greed, is herself doomed, for life is stronger than death, as man is superior to his environment. The notion that we are all to go back to bayonet empires, structures on systems of rotten money, is bad thinking; economically, false; morally, wrong. We in

Britain are not going to allow it in our own despite. If France is foolish enough to persist until sheer cataclysm brings Europe to smash or she is driven out of the Ruhr by acclaim of an indignant world, Germany will have won the war and there will be pretty considerable repercussions. Her choice is that—or European reconstitution. That is the position, and because it is essentially a question of civilisation I am confident of the result. The present crisis had to come as the only way out of the Treaty. France will probably conclude a separate treaty with Germany, and so will we. We ought to do that now boldly, without further subterfuge. Our policy is with and through America on the basis of international law, first brushing out of our path the ghastly lie of Reparations in money which does not exist. Were we to strike out on such a policy, France would soon see reason. The Versailles Treaty is dead. We live again, and because we are again living and purposeful Europe too will regain life, and so will France eventually when she exchanges the mausoleum of Napoleon for the sanity and spirit of Man.

So long as French policy is the detachment of the Rhinelands, *i.e.*, control (1) of the German railways system, (2) of the Ruhr iron and coal, (3) of the right of Rhinelanders to their own racial and national history and attachments, there will be no solution, even if the Germans are compelled by force to sign another Treaty internationalising those Provinces. M. Poincaré reckons that Germany can be starved into submission. It is one of those mistakes that will make history. If that is to be the end, all Europe will be re-set for the next war, and those who disarm will be simpletons.

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Books.

AGRICULTURE.

FOOD. By SIR CHARLES FIELDING, K.B.E. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. Price 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE laconic word "food" does not excite people because they buy it without thought from abroad. Yet food nearly let us down in 1917, and had it not been for American pigs and efforts we might have been forced to give up the struggle. And now once more agriculture is doomed and damned, thanks largely to the 1921 breach of faith of the Government, which tore up its own Corn Production Act of 1920. This was the work of Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen—an unlucky man. Anyhow, there it is. Agriculture does not pay. England is going back to grass. And syndicate food-producing combines are out to make Colonial produce finance on Britain, thus further starving the home land, as we see in meat (the embargo agitation), etc., etc., and as agriculture is not a political asset and is not favoured by the Press because it is not a potential stunt, the land looks like going back to the hungry 'forties;

in a word, at the very time when we ought to try to feed ourselves for sheer economic reasons, we are preparing to import more than we did before 1914.

Look at the problem. Here 1,500,000 men out of work, there £300,000,000 food imports, while the major part of the land is grass. This careful volume shows the remedy, which is to grow this £300,000,000 worth of food in England and so provide work for all. Our fetish is beef—a costly food product. The German fetish was pig—and the animal saved the Germans during the war.

But there are other handicaps. Land tenure and landlordism is one and it is basic. We hate co-operation, which enables Denmark to flood us with pig, for example. Our middlemen system of waste is another. Our unscientific methods complete the circle. Under a proper system of intensive food production coupled with co-operative distribution London could be fed by the home counties without a doubt. This is precisely what farmers dislike. As the author proves, £175,000,000 a year represents the unaccounted difference as between producers' receipts and consumers' payments. Who gets this huge profit? Not the farmer. Is it astonishing if in such conditions Chinese eggs can beat the home farmer, or Danish pig, or Canadian beef, or foreign milk, fruit, butter, cheese, lard, vegetables, not to mention cereals?

Cereals is, of course, our weakness, due largely to climate, though only partially is this true. Somerset, which has splendid land, has 80 per cent. under grass. Some of the best land in England lies waste, and it is calculated that the middlemen absorb much more than all that the farmers receive for their products. The true reason is our landlord system, under which the small farmer can only eke out a living. There is no access to the land, and because of the waste and utter want of organised distribution it does not pay a man to farm. The way out is a new system. First, the land must be set free. Food must be regarded as a national industry, and a scientific system of production and distribution introduced. Farmers, who are very obstinate and often ignorant, will have to be educated and then compelled to farm scientifically. Railway rates must come down. The whole problem should be taken up as a whole. Practically all the unemployed could be usefully absorbed in food production under a proper system. But we have focussed on industrials, thus making a C2 population. Back to the land should be Labour's watchword, and, until it is, one can hardly see any relief to what is now a bankrupt industry.

DRAMA.

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By OLIVER M. SAYLER. 12*s*. 6*d*. Brentano's. Illustrated.

MOSCOW ARTS THEATRE PLAYS. 3*s*. 6*d*. per volume. Collected Edition of five plays, 12*s*. 6*d*. Brentano's. Illustrated.

OLIVER SAYLER'S book contains the record of a visit paid by him to Moscow and Petrograd in the Winter of 1917, when, in spite of all that war and revolution were doing for Russia, the Moscow Arts Theatre, the Kamerny, Meyerhold's Theatre, the Chauve Souris, the Ballet, and the other great Russian ventures were busy keeping alive

Russia's soul within the torment of her body. It has further chapters recently added, dealing with this Russian theatre in its pilgrimage into Western Europe and America, and now that the Kamerny—perhaps the most interesting of the Russian experiments—has reached Paris, and Diagileff, Balieff and Kommissarzhevsky are familiar names to us, this book will help explain the enormous power which the Russian theatre is. Hitherto our knowledge has depended largely upon the visits and research of Mr. Huntly Carter (whose essays and photographs have appeared from time to time in these pages), and we welcome these new facts, sidelights upon men and theories, and descriptions of typical productions. At times there is a vein of something akin to sentimentalism running through Mr. Sayler's work which threatens his critical detachment, but one is not inclined to carp when he is presenting us with such interesting material.

Messrs. Brentano's are adding to our acquaintance with this Russian theatre by an edition of some of the best known of the Moscow Arts Theatre plays.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE CABBALISTS. By S. A. HIRSCH. Heinemann. Price *7s. 6d.* net.

MR. HIRSCH'S essays and lectures on subjects which appeal first of all to the pious Jew give the Gentile world some insight into the other fellow's point of view and the sort of subject which occupies his mind, and this is always a wholesome experience. It is likely that a study of the Cabbalists would interest a considerable circle of readers, irrespective of their creeds, for, as Mr. Hirsch justly remarks, there are considerable vestiges of Cabbalism in early Christian writings, whilst it is in itself a subject which appeals to curious scholars of all faiths or none; but in this paper a knowledge of the subject is taken for granted, and the writer institutes a comparison between the Cabbalist and the Christian mystic, characterising both as necessary rounds in the ladder of human thought. This is ingenious and to some extent true; both dealt in subtleties and refinements of intellectual gymnastic, but the fundamental divergence in motive should be acknowledged. The mystics were endeavouring to think the unthinkable for the sake of comprehension, whilst the more oriental-minded Cabbalists sought to compel or circumvent their deity. In the other papers of this volume there are similar indications of *parti pris* which make for acceptability amongst a peculiar people, and, as Mr. Hirsch writes with a nice turn of irony when considering the Christian position, it seems probable that he addresses his book to his co-religionists only. For their information the other papers concern The Jewish Religion, A Universal Religion, Direct Divine Revelation, The Mishnah, Rashi as an Exegete, Disputations in Spain, and Pfefferkorniana.

FICTION.

GIVE AND TAKE. By AMBER REEVES. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd. *7s. 6d.* net.

THERE are two definite points to make about this interesting, if laborious, compilation: firstly, that only a woman could have done it; secondly, that only a man can read it. One might add another. The

author has evidently heard of James Joyce and his method, which she here applies to politics. The result is—well, is politics. That is to say, there is no story. The thing opens, continues, ends, as the game of politics does, as the plays of Tchehoff terminate, inaudibly. Yet to those who know, this strange work is a *tour de force* in its way: horribly, meticulously true to fact, faithfully observed, faithfully reproduced—a real, living picture of life in the Ministries during the war. No love, no *potins*, no plot, no pictorial inexactitudes, nor is the person of Mr. Lloyd George "potted" or even hinted at. It really is abominably clever. It is like a doctor's case history, just that: quite an extraordinary social document.

NOBODY KNOWS. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Chapman and Hall. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

IT is to be hoped that everybody will read the little note which Mr. Goldring has inserted, like one of those *tricornes* in a bouquet, between the title and dedication of his book—"all the characters and incidents in this story are purely fictitious. There is no reference to any real person, living or dead"—for it is important in the appreciation of this light-hearted fairy tale of the ultra-modern world—the post-war world, with everything awash, of which we can believe almost anything—preferably the worst. Still, with persons and incidents which one all but recognises in scenes which are carefully solid, the illusion of reality is remarkable, even in the most hectic moments of this amusing and witty fantasy, whilst in the hero's revolt against free relationships and his old-fashioned reversion to normality, if not respectability, we are probably justified in recognising the author's personal attitude of mind towards the library public at the end of a brilliant bit of ultra-Bohemian amoral comedy. *Nobody Knows* is certainly good fun. The ineffable Tokey with his philosophical eroticism, the admirable Cleopatra and her agapemone, the amusingly staged Café Royalists, the spotless self-righteousness of the Maynard-Browns, Burns, the conductor of tourists and his gang, and Moira, and the rest of the *demi-vierge* galaxy, a most amusing company who dance to the serio-comic tune, not too jazzy, but just jazzy enough, which Mr. Goldring pipes. It is all very fresh, brisk and outspoken, with a mordant ironism just sufficiently perceptible to give it vibration. A clever and witty book.

LITTLE LIFE STORIES. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Chatto and Windus. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE easiest way to arrive at the content of these one-and-twenty little life stories is to turn up their author in *Who's Who* and read in staccato Jinglese his own record. Only such a man-of-the-world—in its fullest sense—in balanced correspondence with his environment, could have the knowledge and temper to give us these wine-and-walnuts omnisciences. Biologist, diplomat, artist, linguist, explorer, and country gentleman, all under one hat, little wonder that Sir Harry sees further through the most respectable brick walls than most of us; but the really astonishing thing is that he retains the zest and excitement in the human story which is natural in green youth and rare in maturity. These stories have as much, and as little, to do with plot, effect, and the long

arm of coincidence as tales of Nature's weaving, but the point of view is all, and even our own little drop of water would be interesting under this microscope and lit with the polarised light of comprehension. Sir Harry's romances have accustomed us to this perspicacity; it has even been something of a handicap in his full-length tales; but, applied to these miniature studies of the incidental, it gets its full and unique value.

BLACK, WHITE, AND BRINDLED. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Grant Richards. Price 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

IN this set of tales Mr. Phillpotts steps westward with a vengeance; like the great West Countrymen before him, he has heard the call of the Spanish Main and sailed for plunder into the Caribbean Sea. He must have gone after the fashion of "Polly" to join an old love in the West Indies, for this is no mere tourist smattering of technicalities and backgrounds; had he been a sugar planter all his life, instead of a (literary) territorial magnate, he could scarcely give us a more familiar set of pictures. His niggers, skippers, and creoles are the real thing, and there is tropic sun and tropic mystery in the stories themselves—a surprising *tour de force* revealing another new facet to a mind with every excuse to be subdued like the dyer's hand. *The Three Dead Men*, which begins this set of seven, is a most original detective tale, in which the emissary from England is baffled, and the master mind at home excogitates the truth—a subtly done bit of work. The other stories give us plenty of thrills, arising from the reactions of the three colours, black, white, and brindled, upon each other's lives, and each of them is an excellently found and pleasantly told little novel. Sugar, niggers, planters, skippers and seamen, Barbados, Tobago, Trinidad, Grenada, the Virgin Islands, strange fruit and flowers, humming birds and snakes—splendid pigments for these well limned bits of life.

THE PRIMROSE PATH. By ARTHUR MILLS. Duckworth. Price 7*s*. 6*d*.

OUR readers will be familiar with *The Primrose Path*, in the literal if not the Shakespearean sense, for it appeared in these pages; but there are twelve other tales in this volume, of like quality with plenty of the predicated dalliance and lots of other attractive ingredients. Mr. Mills takes us hunting in the shires, poker playing on liners, into Chinese tea houses, and always amongst interesting men and things. His sporting girls and girls of another sort are sure in their appeal, and his heroes well compacted from code and circumstance; attractive all of them in a great and accepted convention, whilst the story-telling is brisk and sure, full of effective touches, and not over carpentered. Capital bits of life as it is lived, with spice and salt enough to stir the nerves to pleasurable reaction.

POETRY.

BROKEN SHADE. By JOHN HELSTON. Chapman and Hall. 5*s*. net.

MR. JOHN HELSTON has matured considerably since his appearance a few years before the war with a long Miltonic outburst in this REVIEW.

He now sings in idylls and in little atmospheric appreciations of the countryside which he knows so well, and which evidently mean so much to him. At the end of the book there is a long poem called "Binsey Head," which unmistakably is poetry.

SOCIAL.

CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES. By SIR BAMFYLDE FULLER. John Murray. 12*s*. net.

PEOPLE should not be deterred by a rather dull title from exploring the lucid and balanced mind of the author. In this tome he ranges over a variety of subjects touching time and space, even the exchanges, and if he is to be criticised it is on the score of an almost too admirable sanity. He makes so few mistakes. His dissection is never deviated. He analyses with power and judgment, and so much is this so that he leaves little to controversy. Only once or twice does he project. Thus, when he says a people is not ripe for democracy before it is commercialised. This, on the face of it, is a damning indictment. Is it true? Athens surely was not commercialised, and yet was the highest form of democracy. Somehow there seems to be a flaw in this argument. One may regret the author's judicious avoidance of striking out lines of his own, of braving the elements, so to speak, but his method is charming and is on balance unassailably correct.

A.B.C. OF SALT-GLAZE STONE-WARE. By J. F. BLACKER. Stanley Paul and Co. 15*s*. net.

IN this history of the English salt-glaze industry we have a very attractive illustrated book useful to all collectors of stone-ware. The industry started with John Dwight, who perhaps got the secret from Germany. It was carried on with rises and falls till Doulton made a very successful industry of it, which, of course, still continues. Lambeth is the place where this pottery has been made for decades; also Fulham. Dwight must have been a remarkable man as well as an artist, and his ups and downs form interesting reading. The illustrations are unusually numerous and good.

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